

Maryknoll



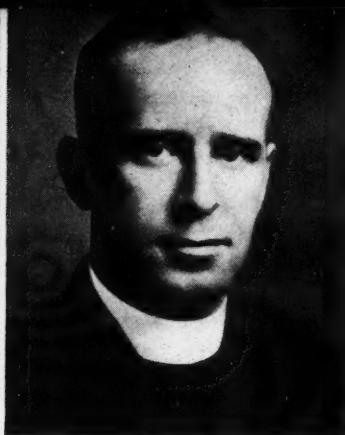
THE FIELD AFAR
SEPTEMBER, 1942



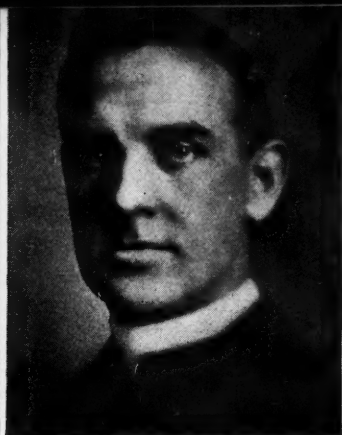
Down strange streets the latest Maryknoll missionaries will mingle with the people of foreign lands. They need your prayers and your support. See page 19.



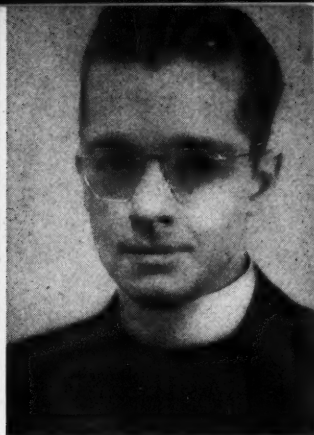
Home-coming Father Callan



Bullet-proof Father Joyce



Evicted Father John Morris



Hollywood's Father Kent

UNPLEASANT HALF HOUR

Father John Joyce, of Kew Gardens, Long Island, seems to have the knack of getting into unpleasant situations. Some months ago Father Joyce was shot at by a Japanese soldier because of a prohibited firearm found in the home of one of his Christians.

Father's latest adventure is best told by himself. "I left Sancier by boat for Toishan, which has been invaded twice and bombed much during the last few years. As we approached at night, the mainlanders, who were expecting an invasion, mistook us for a Japanese vessel. For half an hour it looked as if the pearly gates were opening before us. Luckily we were out of the range of rifles, and we were able to hustle up the coast and make a landing."

MAILMAN RINGS

These days, both in South China and in the United States, when the mailman rings there is frequent occasion for celebration. Fact of greatest importance, he *does* ring: both our South China missionaries and their families in the homeland are receiving letters. "I was so surprised to hear from home," is a frequent comment from the men in the field. "It was thrilling to get a letter from China," write many fathers and mothers. Despite war's upsets, the mail goes through.

WARTIME BUTTER

From ever-ingenious China comes the latest boon to the harassed housewife of these war-rationed days. Father James Gilloegy, reporting from South

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WAR ZONE NEWS

China, tells us that the supply of real butter has been cut off. A remedy was sought, and it was discovered that cow suet, milk, and the yoke of two eggs will make butter, or something that looks like butter. Father does not tell us how this mixture tastes. A substitute for cows would be a timely invention.

RUBBLE CITY Successive bombings have turned the Chinese capital, Chungking, into a charnel house, according to Father Mark Tennien, wartime procurator there.

"Chungking is a graveyard, with streets cleared where people walk," he writes. Piles of rubble are the gravestones, and patches of standing brick give the appearance of a ghost city. The Bishop's four churches are all flat; all that remains is part of his episcopal compound and chapel. Not one building on this side of the river is undamaged. People exist in half-houses that are left."

Yet, in the midst of ruins, Maryknoll missionaries are already looking to the rebuilding of post-war China. They are confident that the principles of Christianity will play an important part in its new structure.

A QUICK GLANCE

Scanning the world of our Maryknollers at the present moment, we find the following: (1) Almost 130 priests, Brothers, and Sisters are at their tasks in South China; (2) a group of priests and Sisters are held by the Japanese in Hong Kong, but a number of them are allowed to carry on while six of them have been

OUR COVER: The felt hat industry of Bolivia does not depend for support on the men, alone. Mothers and daughters, too, bounce along under a like headgear.

repatriated; (3) 59 Maryknollers in the Philippines are partly under Japanese rule in Manila, partly at large; (4) our Maryknoll priests and Sisters in Japan, Korea and Manchukuo who were repatriated, arrived in New York in August; (5) our priests and Sisters in the Hawaiians are busy in an island world at war; (6) the Bolivian vanguard is well established while the main body of twenty missionaries is about to leave the United States for South America; (7) our Maryknollers on the Pacific Coast minister to the Catholics of Japanese origin in the internment camps.

TIGER, TIGER When a "Flying Tiger," an American aviator from Texas, fighting with the Chinese forces, fell with his plane among the country folk outside Kweilin, they thought at first that he was Japanese and threatened to kill him. He was allowed to telephone Father Herbert Elliott, however, who came in haste and offered satisfactory explanation. Our reporter adds that, when the aviator left to rejoin his flight group, firecrackers were shot off in his honor—much more pleasant to his ears than the bullets which were an earlier threat.

FOR THE POPE!

A touching story of generous sacrifice by his already overburdened people comes from Father Thomas Langley, of South China. Despite wartime difficulty of making a living, his parishioners responded generously to a recent appeal. Father Langley writes: "We took up a collection for the Holy Father, and it amounted to \$29.90 local currency. I feel very proud of their generous goodness."

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Why Doesn't the Holy Father Say Something? 2; No Stop Light in China, 4; First Days in Bolivia, 6; Our Unmistakable Brother, 10; Guatemalan Glimpses, 12; Magnitude of Catholic Charity, 20; As Long Ago the Padres, 26; Oil of Arabia and Mohammed, 30.



Cardinal Faulhaber—Catholic Germany's Indomitable champion

WHY DOESN'T THE HOLY FATHER

WHY DOESN'T the Holy Father say something?"

We do not know who started that insidiously complimentary question. When we first heard it, we were not quite sure what it meant. A subway rider reading *The Daily Worker* paused long enough to see us swaying on a strap and, after a few sparring preliminaries, managed to confront us with that question. Later a barber, giving us a loquacious haircut, wanted to know why the Holy Father didn't "say something." A bespectacled taxi driver in Washington thought the Holy Father would do a great service to the cause if only he would "say something." Finally, a distinguished citizen, of some national prominence, told us that he, a non-Catholic, had been terribly disappointed because the Holy Father had not said anything.

By this time, we knew perfectly well that we were on the listening end of a whispering campaign. The question did not ask anything—it said something. A sly question is the technique of insinuation. We were not troubled by that, but we were puzzled to learn the motive. We are not very smart, and not at all slick, and we find deviousness perplexing. What purpose could anyone have in misrepresenting the position of the Holy Father?

As we thought about it, it occurred to us that there are two possible rather-complicated but not-at-all-innocent motives.

Many important persons in positions of influence, and notably, we are sorry to say, many non-Catholic groups, thought and said and wrote and publicized, before 1941, that nazism was not altogether bad and that it represented, possibly, "the wave of the future." (Just why they thought so, we never knew. The only kind of wave we anticipated from nazism was a tidal wave of destruction.)

Before 1941, there were, in the United States and in other countries now members of the United Nations, many individuals and groups, high, low, and middle class, who openly favored nazism or thought there was much to be said in favor of it.

On the other hand, during these years, it is an incontestable fact that the only important voice that was raised officially, categorically and judicially to condemn nazism, root and branch, leaf and flower, *was the voice of the Holy Father*. European governments and groups were then seeking alliances with the Nazis; others were actually giving financial support to Hitler, as late as 1939. The atheistic Communists (who are now asking why the Holy Father doesn't say something) were the enthusiastic allies of the Nazis as late as 1939-1940. But *in 1937* the Holy Father had officially and unalterably pronounced nazism a menace to Christian civilization and a corruption that was poisoning humanity.

When Christianity was attacked by nazism in 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, when the Catholic Church was plundered, her schools closed, her priests defamed and tortured, no government in the world came to the aid of the Church; no government in the world raised its voice for Christianity. Indeed it is a fact that the Catholics in Germany pleaded with certain foreign groups for support against the Nazis, and they received a polite answer that religion and politics should not be mixed. Even American newspapers that published, rightly and serviceably, *reams* of atrocity stories about the afflicted German Jewish people, published conspicuously few atrocity stories about the German Catholic parents and priests who were subjected to a moral and physical martyrdom for their Faith.

So, the Catholic group that was the last hope of Christian Germany against pagan nazism expired for lack of support. The incendiaries of the Reichstag then burned the last platform of their free speech.

During the years 1934-1939, the policy of secular governments was not to offend the Nazis. The policy was to try to get along with them. The Holy Father himself had given that policy a fair trial with the Concordat of 1934. He gave it a trial, though he had "many and grave misgivings." He said so, openly: he said he did not withhold his consent (from the Concordat) because he wished to make it plain that "the maternal hand of the Church would be extended to anyone who did not actually refuse it." ⁽¹⁾ After three years of suffering and deceit, the Holy Father *in 1937* told the whole world what nazism really was. The Holy Father wrote an indictment of nazism that, in its forcefulness and completeness, has never been equaled by any of the present-day condemnations of

Say SOMETHING?

nazism. (1) But, *at that time*, it did not "suit the book" of the current enemies of nazism to join forces with the Holy Father and with the Catholic Church in Germany and in the world. They preferred, we regret to record, to ignore the Nazi crimes, in the foolish and calculating belief that these crimes could be restricted to the Jewish population in Germany and to the Catholic Church in the world. It was they, and not the Holy Father, who were silent. It was they who failed to say something. It was not the Holy Father.

The Holy Father was the great, outspoken, irreconcilable enemy of nazism. In 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942—*during seven long years*—the Holy See has been the constant, unremitting, uncompromising antagonist of the vicious errors of nazi doctrine and the disgraceful conduct of nazi fanatics. (2) That is the story of the Holy Father and the Nazis.

And now, in 1942, some of the late arrivals at the threshold of truth, some of the dreamers who have awaked to find their nightmares real, have the exasperating effrontery to ask, "Why doesn't the Holy Father say something?" The truth is that no one has yet succeeded in saying anything true about nazism that the Holy Father had not previously said. The Holy Father had realized that the Nazis in their wickedness were incapable of keeping any agreement. He told the whole world. But the powers of the world did not take the prophetic advice of the Holy Father with seriousness and with respect. They still made trade treaties and secured, at Munich, "peace for our time," as late as 1938.

It is no pious exaggeration to maintain that if the nations of the world and the influential groups, who controlled governments in 1937, had acted on the leadership and policy of the Holy Father, *there would have been no second World War*—because the Nazis would never have been fortified with political power over the German people and political respectability among the nations.

"Why doesn't the Holy Father say something" against nazism? Why? The truth is, that no one else anywhere has said as much, and no one else anywhere has analyzed nazism down to the heart of its corruption.

And this brings us to the motives behind the question.

There is a canny, calculating type of mind that starts rumors, with a purpose. Perhaps the one who first framed that question, knew the true answer perfectly well. Perhaps therefore, he intended to fool the people of the world, (the people of the missions and the people at home) into believing that the Holy Father's position on nazism is slightly doubtful, even hedging. Perhaps they

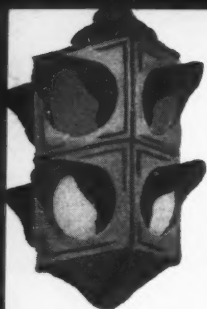
did not wish the people of the world to know that the Holy See was the first, *and only one*, of the great powers to condemn nazism *before the war*. And perhaps they are scheming now, these questioners, to prevent the people of the world from demanding that the Holy Father shall be heard in future councils for the world's reconstruction. These questioners must have some purpose like this in mind, because they are telling (though we do not like to use the word) a lie.

May God bless the good people of Germany. May He go to them with thorn-crowned head to share their sorrow; may He also go to them, and soon, with the infinite majesty and might of His truth to free them from the black hands of nazi paganism that crush the fair loveliness and the stout integrity of their souls.

(1) Cf. the remarkable Encyclical against nazism—*Mit Brennender Sorge*, 1937.

(2) Cf. the many allocutions reported in the *Osservatore Romano*.





Mission priests, Brothers, and Sisters, have not time to notice what the traffic sign says. They are color-blind with their work. For them it is always, "GO!"

NO *Stop Light* IN CHINA

By REV. ROBERT W. GARDNER



SEVERAL SISTERS hovered around a long row of neatly covered baskets, occasionally moving some out of the glare of the sun. Each basket contained a Chinese baby, plump as a butterball, snug and safe in white bedding. Franciscan Missionary Sisters were taking their sixty-two orphan children through the mountains. But not for a picnic. They were engineering an escape.

The Wanshien Orphanage of South China was now a useless mess of rubble surrounded by a jagged crown of broken mud-wall. It had been bombed. Wanshien itself was beaten almost flat. Day after day the wail of the sirens had sent the inhabitants into the shelter of the mountains until the "All clear!" signal sounded; then everyone had habitually run back to see if their houses and shops had been in lucky areas. Merchants had dug their merchandise out of the ruins, hastily knocked together wooden sheds, and carried on business as usual.

The Sisters had known that their chances for escape were slim. The law of averages indicated that sooner or later their orphan home would be struck. They had been advised, time and again, to pack up and leave. No doubt the advice from the consul and their friends was fatherly and sensible, but what could they do? They had sixty-odd children to take care of, and everybody knows that a Chinese roadway is not the ideal place to procure proper baby food. Also, there were many wounded in the town.

The orphanage had become the doctor's office for residents and near-by farmers. It was a time to stay and work, not a time to run away. "Since the need is so great, we have no choice but to remain." The superior had announced the decision.

Then there had come a day (it was bound to come) when the Sisters returned to find their mission destroyed. They had gathered the children, scrubbed them, dressed them and packed them, and led them over the mountains to a far city where another roof would shelter them.

All the Sisters who could be spared remained at Wanshien, because the orphanage was only part of their work. The bombings continued, and wounded men anxiously watched the road and awaited the coming of the Sisters. As long as these angels of divine truth and love inhabit the world, the word of Christ will never grow old. It will travel with the wind and take root like seedlings.

War seems to eclipse the hundred-and-one other difficulties of China. But the difficulties remain: floods, drought, crop failure, typhoons and—not the least of all—banditry. One of the Precious Blood missionaries of Kiangkia, Father Marcellin, went a-marketing with his wagon and stocked it well with such mission staples as coal, Mass wine, bedding, and food—which included a generous basket of very delectable-looking onions. The bandits stole the wagon and hauled it to a village some

twenty li away. Father Marcellin is by no means a shrinking-violet type of gentleman, and he had no intention of letting his supplies be lifted without protest. Further, he probably decided that it would be easier to face a camp of bandits than to return empty-handed to the personnel of his mission. He followed the bandit trail and came upon them at their headquarters late in the day.

The bandit chief was very polite and respectful when he heard the priest's story, and assured him that he had not known it was the *Shen Fu's* wagon that was taken. Would *Shen Fu* kindly pick out his wagon? Father Marcellin picked it out from a group of twenty vehicles, in various stages of wreckage and disrepair. It was empty.

He turned to the chief and bowed politely. "And what about the coal?"

"Unfortunately," the chief said, pointing to a glowing camp fire, "the coal is in use, and it would be difficult to reclaim it."

"And the wine?"

"Ah, the wine. Your pardon, *Shen Fu*; we drank the wine."

Father Marcellin had had a long walk that deserved some results. Moreover, there was a certain arrogance about the exhalations of the bandit chief which reminded him of another item on his marketing list. He asked wistfully, "Are there any onions left?"

"Had we only known they were yours!" the chief said regretfully. "The onions were eaten first of all."

But the bedding had not been disposed of, and Father Marcellin was welcome to it. They would help him load it.

They were delighted with his visit. They hoped he would come again. And, of course, Father Marcellin will come again. He and his successors will keep coming until his words seep into their souls. He will hound them day and night until he brings them to bay. He will win them with masterful banditry and make them the captives of Christendom. If there is a stop light in China, Father Marcellin ought to get a ticket!

Missioners are traditionally cheerful. Centuries of building churches and hospitals "on a shoestring," living on next to nothing, quieting rebellious parishioners, have made them happy with little things. But lately, despite a hearty assurance that "all's well with us," the strain of privation and warfare is becoming unintentionally manifest. Monsignor Romaniello, Superior of Maryknoll's Kweilin mission of South China, writes:

"It is very difficult to make plans for the coming year. The reason is that the cost of commodities has been increasing about fifty per cent every month. At our mission we have hundreds of people depending on us. Roughly, this responsibility requires \$1,500 a month. While we have wonderful opportunities of making converts through the home-instruction classes, we are forced to limit this work in favor of the refugees, the poor, the sick — the thousands in want whom God sends to our doors."

Meanwhile, the work goes on. There is no question of stopping or even of bowing down before the inflation. When the going gets rough, mission forces work harder. With their hands to the plow and their eyes on the souls committed to their care, they have no time to notice what the traffic sign says. They are everlastingly "on the go."

Dinner al fresco — portside or aft — is delicious if the rice holds out.





FIRST DAYS IN *Bolivia*

Diaries are always interesting. This—a portion of the first record received from Bolivia—is especially timely. America needs Bolivia's rubber; Bolivia needs America's priests.

JUNE 14. After days of zigzag travel, we reach our own Riberalta, to be given a very warm and touching welcome by the people. Hundreds were at the airport to greet us, including the sub-prefect who is chief civil official here, ladies with pious banners, a good sprinkling of men, droves of children, and a band. We walked in helter-skelter procession to the church. Monsignor Escalante spoke a few words of greeting and thanks to the people who crowded into the church.

The tumult over, we surveyed our domain, found everything divine, except the spirit of man as usual. The little town is lovely, spreading out along the high bank of the broad Beni River, well elevated above the swampy lowlands, hence dry and clean. It has a pretty little plaza in front of the church, a fair number of comfortable-looking houses, many poor huts, and domestic animals in possession of the roadways that are called streets. The people, 5,000 or upward, are friendly as kittens and seem genuinely glad to see us.

JUNE 15. Our chapel is a passable and roomy shell of no style. Our rectory is damp, dismal, without any neatness, and somewhat ridiculously ramshackle.

Today we made calls around the little town, visiting the general of the garrison, the sub-prefect, the *alcalde* and the *Casa Suarez*. Looking into the stores, we found them not very promising. The ubiquitous Chinese shop was run by a man named Fung from Kwangtung, a friendly fellow with a large and variegated stock of merchandise. Met a Free French Jew, from Algiers, gathering up quinine bark for the democracies; the local Swiss pharmacist; and a young American boy, son of local Quaker missionaries. We are in a funny little corner of an interesting country.

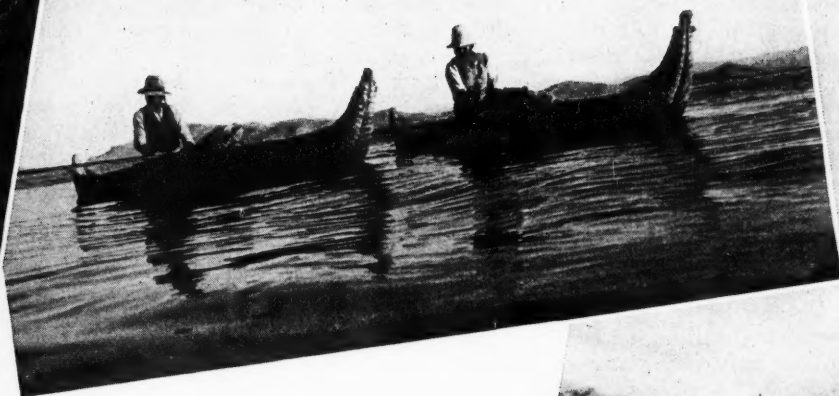
JUNE 16. Grateful change in the weather last night, with a south wind sweeping over Riberalta to bring rain and coolness instead of steaming, humid heat. Only about 100 people make their Easter duty in this town of 5,000 Catholic souls. Monsignor Escalante asked a bevy of teen-age girls how many sacraments there were, only to find that nobody knew.

JUNE 18. With south wind still blowing, the temperature is down to 58°. When we add humidity, between 80° and 90°, we get weather much on the order of the miserable Chinese New Year period in Kwangtung. My

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fingers are numb as I write these lines though I'm bundled in a sweater and winter overcoat. The meals sent in here by the family next door are rarities of the culinary art.

JUNE 21. Ordination Day at Maryknoll reveals a need for the ministrations of these young priests in this new field. This is Sunday, and it brought about 100 out of 5,000 Catholics to the two regular Masses; and not one to Holy Communion.

JUNE 22. Monsignor Escalante and I left on the Seiler Company launch for what turned out to be a picnic-like trip on the broad bosom of the Beni River to Cachuela Esperanza. Launch rough and tough, but plenty of room to swing your hammock, and plenty of time for kindly treatment. Mosquitoes and tiny gnat-like insects, the *mariwi*, *ihenes*, and *borrachudo*, work on a twenty-four-hour schedule and make life stern and earnest during the frequent stops of the boat to take on firewood for engine fuel.

JUNE 23. Mass in the tiny but well-furnished little chapel brought a few people. Cachuela is a picturesque little spot on the bank where the Beni River boils into booming rapids. It is here that old Nicholas Suarez placed the seat and headquarters of his family and his commercial empire when he first came to establish himself in this region. From the Suarez family we received hospitality in their little local hotel, much kind attention and assurance that they would welcome and assist the stationing of priests here and there among the people who work for them.

JUNE 24. Another day in Cachuela. We baptized 24 babies, some two and some three years old, as no priest has been giving any regular attention to the place. The *viento mata vieja* (old lady killing wind) blew from the south this evening, bringing a sudden change to drizzling rain and searching chill. It is difficult to know what clothes to wear here, in this season, as the days are sultry and hot, while the nights are quite chilly. Ordinarily we



A welcome awaited the new missionaries—from the Franciscan friars, long resident in the land, down to the tiniest boys and girls.

can't keep cool in the daytime and can't keep warm at night.

JUNE 25. We left pretty little Cachuela this morning, somewhat sorry to see the last of its neat and clean houses and stores and streets. Among places we visited before leaving, were the neat and well-conducted school for boys and girls, the creditable hospital, the Brazil nut factory, where the "niggertoes" for your Christmas stocking are shelled and dried for shipment. The journey back up the river to Riberalta was pleasant but long, taking 26 hours.

Beni River is a big, broad, brown fellow, from a quarter of a mile to a mile wide in spots, muddy as the Yangtze at its worst, with a swift current (perhaps five miles or so an hour), and with banks fringed with luxuriant jungle. The Beni River has electric eels said to be able

FIRST DAYS IN BOLIVIA (Continued)

to kill a horse (though this may be a "fish story"). The jungle hereabouts is beautiful, but so matted, tangled, and thick with vegetation, that it is impassable except for those who wish to hack their way through it foot by foot with a machete.

Queries regarding Indians brought the information that there are no savages in this territory, with the exception of the territory around the Negro River. Asking if it were possible to get in touch with the still-savage Indians here and there, we were told that it is not possible even to see them. From behind trees and without any warning, they shoot arrows at strangers wandering within their confines.

JUNE 27. Monsignor Escalante and I boarded the plane for Cobija at noon and an hour later were at our destination. The head men of the town accorded us a warm and touching reception. We walked to the church, with rows of people lining the street—Children of Mary in white, Sacred Heart Society (married ladies) in black, and small children carrying and throwing flowers. Speeches of welcome closed the ceremony, which left us happy but hungry. The military commandant rectified the latter condition by whisking us off to his home for a tremendous lunch. Cobija is the most attractive little town we have seen. The variegated little series of hills that make its site are in direct contrast to the absolute flatness of all the other places. In addition, its houses are neat and cool looking, its gardens trim, its streets free from cattle, its two little plazas full of handsome royal palms. Cobija has a population of 3,000.

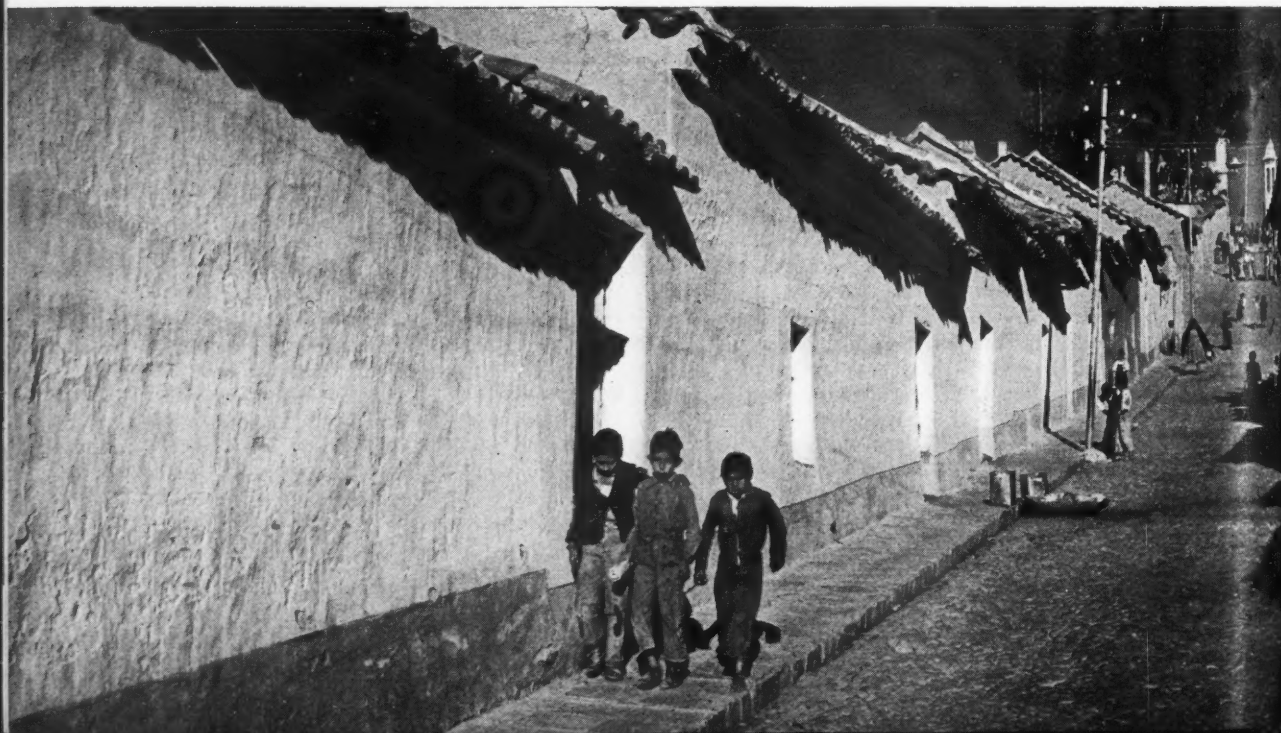
JUNE 28. Our three Sunday masses brought 300 people to church. Breakfast was tendered us by the Sacred Heart Society at the home of the Greek *alcalde* of the town. In the afternoon, as guests of the prefect, we attended a spirited soccer football game on the local field, after which we repaired to a tea given in our honor by the Children of Mary. Cobija is a point on the north-west border of Bolivia, with Brazil just across the little Acre River, and Peru not far away.

JUNE 29. Foundation Day passed quietly at Cobija. The only diversion was an elaborate and lengthy lunch served by the Ladies' Social Club. Our church is staunchly built of concrete and surrounded by a tin roof; while our rectory, although kept neat and orderly, is an ancient frame shack full of rats and bats. There is an excellent shower bath in one of the outer buildings. Cobija, like all the little towns in this section, is an oasis in the vast density of jungle. Flying here, we passed over nothing but flat swampy forests, with scarcely a half dozen tiny little clearings here and there where lone settlers were apparently pioneering.

JUNE 30. Our gay round of local entertainment is over, and we settle down to a more quiet pastime of learning what we can about the district. The local "Trader Horn" tells us that the Indians are hospitable, kindly, simple, and good; they respond to real friendship; they harm nobody who does no harm to them; they lead well-ordered lives in their villages, with local police to keep the peace; they offer all friendly strangers a house and food.

(to be continued)

Long, sunny streets with their dazzling white houses, in every Bolivian town, are pathways of the apostolate.



LANGUAGE OF THE CALM CLANS

By REV. PATRICK J. BYRNE

THE KNOLL that is in Korea salutes ye; salvos from the Land of the Morning Calm! "Mornin' Calm!" — *alanna* — sure 'tis only a poet could dress up the truth like that!

And speaking of poets, 'tis a wonder how they ever wrote a line in that tongue of theirs.

Hear ye! The Korean language is especially designed to confer merit upon its students. In the national folklore, it is told how once upon a time a certain gentleman of vigorous parts, though tongue-tied, was chased by a royal bull around the sacred tango tree, whereon was perched a shorthand artist who, with great presence of mind, did take down the remarks uttered on this auspicious occasion. The king, being presented with a copy, fell into a deep trance, from which he was with difficulty awakened; whereupon he proclaimed the discovery of the long-sought national tongue.

Korean seems to be half Korean-pure, about three-fourths imported Chinese, and the remainder of Japanese extraction. For almost every pure Korean noun, there is a correlative of Chinese derivation, while adjectives exhibit the same base duplicity. To mix the two, placing a Korean adjective with a Chinese noun, or vice versa, were a penal offense of the first class, with octave. Moreover, one would not be understood, and this we in turn find hard to understand—for synonyms are synonymous, whatever their derivation.

For an example from home: postulate a Boston lady married into one of the first families of the Bowery. She exclaims, "Observe, beloved, yon unhappy gentleman on the magnificent steed!" Her spouse spouts, "Sure, sweetie, I lamp the goofy guy on the nifty nag." We might say the lady is articulating Chinese-Korean, hubby pure Korean, and both are understood. But let their children cry, "Where's the goofy gentleman on the magnificent nag?" and here no one will understand.

Such a confusion of adjectives and nouns will claim its meed in blank looks and puzzled stares, which have a tendency to generate in the nervous novice a desperate desire to hurl something, anything, that may dent the cerebellum and kindle a flicker of consciousness.

The Korean teacher scratches his head by whistling through his teeth with reverse English. Ask him a puzzler and you'll hear the wind sighing through his canines with more fuss than it ever made mid the murmuring pines and the hemlocks. The purpose of this stratagem

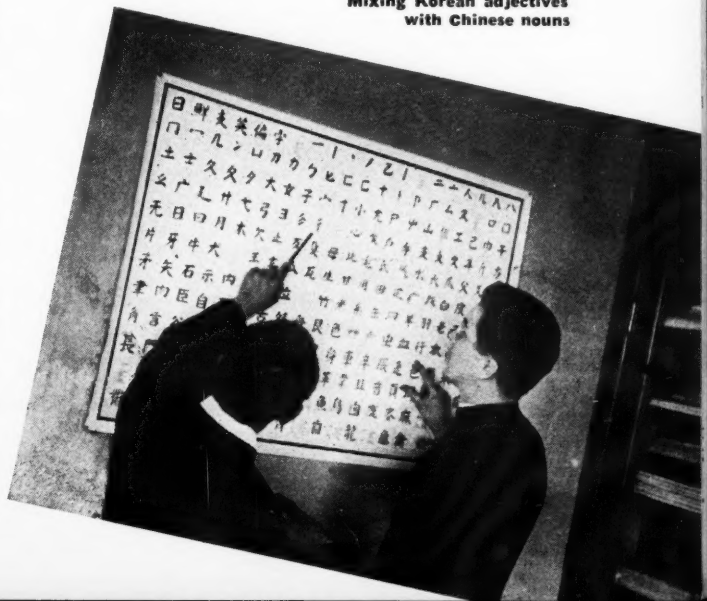
Close to twenty years ago, the first Maryknoller entered Korea, the Land of the Morning Calm. It was Father Patrick J. Byrne. We have recently come across his first reaction to the Chosen language; it is too good to be buried in our archives.

may be to delay reply till the brain can catch up with the idea, though not unfrequently it seems the idea flits through the gray matter too fast to be apprehended. You are sure, however, to get a winning smile, and that is worth something.

Here the attorney for the defense will justly argue that the Korean is mentally well equipped, but that his geographical position has left him feeling, for some centuries past, like the bones of a well-picked chicken.

Histories tell us, though histories often lie, that the rather negative personality of the present-day Korean is the result of a deliberate policy of self-effacement adopted to discourage foreign invasion after the Mongolian and Manchurian experiences. Were there nothing here to attract the outsider, the outsider would not be attracted: whereupon came an era of stagnation in the arts and sciences, and, save for the cultivation of Chinese letters, a mental life that was largely static, which hath, in part, endured until this day. So at least the histories tell us. We know it is not so—though the language tempts us to believe it. Be that as it may, how vastly better off are we than those missionaries who blazed the trail, who had to learn the language indirectly, through Chinese, and who oftentimes dared not raise the voice above a whisper in practice, lest paper walls betray them to their hunters?

Mixing Korean adjectives with Chinese nouns



OUR UNMISTAKABLE

Brother

THEY WERE WANDERERS on the face of the earth. They were homeless, outcast, persecuted, herded from one corner to another, with no vine or fig tree they could call their own, no place to go; citizens of no country, not honored, not wanted, but passed by and cold-shouldered, derided and scorned. Yet they were men — energetic, purposeful men; they were also courageous women; they were even tender little children; for they were all alike, all marked with the same brand, and convicted by despotism of the crime of belonging to a different race; all deprived of their place in the human family and sentenced to exile, ostracism, and misfortune.

It did not matter if the men struggled, swooned, died under the bludgeoning of this strangely merited fate, if the women agonized and despaired, if the roses left the cheeks of children now pinched with want, if the soft velvet of their innocent eyes grew lackluster in starvation's stare. It did not matter — for these were not as other people, who were born with rights that nobody could take away. They had flesh and blood in common with the rest of men, and souls that could expand in joy or quiver under sorrow's scourge; but their brothers had decreed that they were only good enough to suffer, that the big world was too small to yield a spot in which they might laugh and sing and work and play. Nay, time was when they had learned to regard this negative privation as a mild misfortune, but now the sterner measures of repression rained on their defenseless heads: the wreckings, beatings, and uprootings; the prison camps and dungeons; the sudden avalanche of stripes, insults, indignity, death. They wondered and sorrowed, resisted and accepted, fled and died. Some came through the storm; some fell under its cruel hail; but all bore in their hunted eyes and harried souls the imprint of a hateful thing—the savage lash of man's inhumanity to man that in a world of brothers should never be.

Not that they were totally undeserving of strange reprisals. They were human beings with all the good and bad of their kind, and both their virtues and defects were so many titles to mark them for the victim role. They were Orientals, and they retained atavistically in their mentality that relentless drive and purposeful striving learned centuries ago in Asia's hard and selfish school. They were gifted—with music in their finger tips, art at their beck

and call, and a world of foolish dreams and idealistic imaginings filling their hearts and heads. They were industrious—their men working and planning while their women scraped and saved. They were purposeful and persevering in the goals they ambitiously set and resolutely reached. Worst of all, they were clever; and this fault few ever forgave them, for by it they forged ahead where others lagged and dallied, prospered where others stagnated, succeeded where others failed. They broke no laws, but they were adjudged the enemy of all law; they committed no crime but they were found guilty of every crime—not because of anything they did but because of what they were. Their fault was what God Himself made them to be—the form they took when they came from His creative hand. They were Hebrews. That put them beyond the pale.

But hope is the last thing to die, and, seeing a glimpse of it on far and unknown horizons, the pitiful remnants of the unloved tribe took up the pack of the wanderer to seek refuge under a kindlier sky. By devious routes they came, and through incredible hardships; with and without property or honor; buying, begging, bribing, borrowing; making their way over the seas and over the land; buffeted and baffled, ailing and starving, but seldom despairing. Some finally came to a kindly country where enlightened men held out the hand of a tolerant welcome, and they uttered prayers and breathed relief as they reached its hospitable shores to find themselves free. They had come to a great city of historic grandeur and vivid natural beauty, to a city steeped and bathed in Catholic culture, whose avenues are as litanies of Christian mysteries and saints, whose monuments are so many records of a shining Faith. Here they were welcome, here they would be safe. They were in the capital of Mexico.

But there are degrees of welcome, and the wanderers were to learn them all as they trod those avenues for weary weeks and disappointed days in search of a haven and a home. The citizens had little prejudice against them, but they had also little active interest in relieving them: they were not their brother's keeper, and they had the wary instinct by which the selfish keep unpopular neighbors at a safe distance. All this was very strange, since the acknowledged leader of these citizens had raised a clarion voice in championship of the defenseless refugees: the Holy Father had called from the seven hills of Rome to insist on the duty of all nations to accord them both justice and charity. But his voice did not filter down to the people; or if it did, they failed to comprehend and act upon it, conveniently forgot it, effectively ignored it—for people are like that. So nobody had a house to sell or a room to rent, nobody extended a helping hand or raised an encouraging voice. The newcomers continued to plod the streets, looking in vain for refuge.

Then finally, in that city where nobody wanted them, they found the place that did want them. In the downtown slum section of the city there is one dismal street so ramshackle and wretched as to provide the last resort and natural habitat for the most unfortunate offscourings of the population, the "down-and-outs," the beggars, the



**"COME TO ME, ALL YOU WHO LABOR AND ARE
BURDENED, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."**

abjectly poor. It is the shabbiest and poorest rabbit warren of a street in all Mexico City. One refugee family stumbled on it; promptly and surprisingly found a dwelling place with no questions asked; sent the word around. Thither they flocked, the wanderers, the homeless. In this uninviting place there was at least a welcome—from neighbors who could find no one lower than themselves to look down on, who raised no eyebrows, turned no cold shoulders. At last the wanderers settled down; their long flight was over; they had found a home.

So ends their journey, but not their story. Mexico City is a great metropolis. It is necessary to know and keep one's bearings in its labyrinthine maze, so the refugees looked around to find out just where they lived. They sought the name of the poor little street that had given them refuge, the one place in the world that had room for them, and presently they found it. In the strange Spanish words of their new country, the name was marked on a signboard at the corner. *Calle de Jesus y Maria*, they read. It was the Street of Jesus and Mary.

All of this is true; all of this happened. It seems, too, that all of this is happening, at least in principle and in varying measure, to all sorts of people in every country,

every day; for all of this is reducible in its essence, and in its detestable effects, to the false and untenable myth of racial discrimination. There is no land that is entirely free from it, no population that is not tainted by it, even though there are few communities so unfeeling as to apply it in its extreme and logical forms. It is a pity that men should cling to a bad policy while striving to control and minimize its natural effects. It is simpler and far better to reject utterly the fallacious policy itself. Many countries have democratic rule, but there are few, if any, that have a true universal democratic spirit; certainly not our own, whose history is marred with racial prejudice of the most fanatic and inveterate type, whose democratic fabric is honeycombed even today with white-ant organizations that exist for the sole purpose of defaming and persecuting their citizen brothers.

Such abuse of the liberty accorded by democracy is a betrayal of democracy, contrary to its spirit, fatal to its development; and the root grievance that inspires it, if properly analyzed, is not against religion, race, origin, or color; it is against democracy itself, and it is democracy that suffers. The tree is evil, root and branch, and it is named class discrimination. And it should be torn out and broken up and cast away forever. For this evil tree can not bring forth good fruit, and no real deal democracy, much less Christianity, can live with it.

Meanwhile, the man God gave us for our unmistakable brother, albeit with all his race thick upon him, does not ask us for immunity or favor; he does not ask for freedom even from discrimination, but only that discrimination be not put upon the grounds of race:

Discriminate against me all you like because of my weak character, my feeble capacity, my perverse mind, my education or lack of it—for all of which I am perhaps partly responsible—but have a care how you penalize me solely and simply for the way God made me! O Christianity and O Democracy, could it be that, with all your professions of equality, you failed to include me? No, in very truth, it was not you who failed me, but men who failed you. (For that divine ideal from the skies is something perfect, which men learn slowly and attain laboriously. That last, best hope on earth, though simple and self-evident, is far more searching and all-embracing than men yet have dreamed.) Notwithstanding, I want you both, for all my hopes are in you. I may be pardoned if I want you in your purest integrity and in your fullest application. I think free men need ask no more; I know they ask no less.



Guatemalan

IF you were to trek your way from Mexico to South America, the first country you would enter southeast of the border is Guatemala—one of the oldest centers of Christian civilization in the Western hemisphere. Long before Peter Minuit gave the Indians twenty-three dollars and a keg of rum for the isle of Manhattan, Guatemala flourished with the thousand-year-old civilization of the Mayas—the Indians who had developed art, science, and social government comparable to that of ancient Babylon, Egypt, or China. From Spain, came missionary priests as well as some of the best architects and craftsmen of the day. The zeal of the priests converted so many Indians that the architects were kept busy, making this land of volcanoes a land of magnificent churches and cathedrals.

A name inseparably linked with the early conversion of the Mayas is that of Pedro de Betancourt, who originally set out as a missionary to Japan but, arriving in Guatemala in 1651, abandoned that idea, and instead laid plans for a vast social-service program.

Pedro founded the Bethlehemites, an order of men who, in addition to the regular religious vows, took an oath to care for the sick even at the risk of their own lives. The order, with its headquarters in Guatemala, grew rapidly and established thirty-three hospitals in Mexico, Central and South America, and the West Indies. Attached to each hospital was a free school for poor children. In addition, the religious visited prisoners in local jails, taking them food, clothing, and medicine. In 1688, several generations before the advent of Florence Nightingale, a community of Bethlehemite nuns was also founded, and a hospital was built for the exclusive care of women.

Other missionaries from old Spain followed these pioneers. As a result, Guatemala, second largest and most populous of the five Central American Republics, has had a glorious history of religious and civil development. The local Indian surpassed all others on both continents in culture and mental qualities. The Spanish explorers

and colonists were men of brain, of brawn, of talent, and of faith in God. Wherever they went, their first act was to plant the cross and name mountains and valleys, rivers and bays, after the Mother of God or the saints. They baptized the Indians after very little instruction, working on the principle that the grace of the sacraments was more powerful than any word of theirs. Today these Indians still cling to the Church by tradition and habit. In their own way, the Mayas themselves have been missionaries. Many of the best Catholics in our Maryknoll South China missions are Chinese merchants who learned of the



Glimpses

What do you know of that small country south-east of us—one of the oldest centers of Christian civilization in the entire Western hemisphere?

Church through their business and social contacts with the Indians in Guatemala.

For more than half a century, the situation of the Church in Guatemala has grown increasingly worse, until today there are less than 150 priests to administer to a population of 3,500,000, almost all of whom are Catholic. One diocese, with more Catholics than the archdiocese of New York, has only twenty-four priests. There are nine priests in the entire diocese of Verapaz, one small section of which is larger in area than the whole country of Belgium.

The Guatemalan Indians—numbering 1,800,000—are smaller in stature and less robust than the native Indians of the United States. Their average height is less than five feet. Vital statistics for Guatemala show that there are two births for one death in a given year. The Indians, despite their early Spanish influence, speak a native language, each of the eighteen tribes having its own dialect. They delight in bright-colored clothes, and each town retains its own style and distinctive costumes. Designs have not changed in hundreds of years. The tribe in Todos Santos, away back in the hills, are called "Uncle Sam boys" because the men wear blue coats and red-and-white-striped trousers.

Many of the Indians live in primitive conditions with no material comfort. They have withdrawn from all forms of modern life and cling to their traditional customs, in which Christian rites and practices are frequently mixed with the pagan superstitions. One tribe in the backwoods jungle dwells in homes cushioned in the tree tops, made by building a platform between four palm trees and roofing it with thatch. They still hunt with bows and arrows, and their usual diet is corn or maize.

The Indians are intensely religious and love to make pilgrimages to shrines. In remote villages there is always a church, but seldom a priest. Sometimes intervals of several years elapse between visits of the Padre, so scarce are the missionaries and so numerous the people. But priest or no, the people are devout and they love religious festivals and *fiestas*.

There are many oddities in Guatemalan life. For example, according to the law a working man must have one month of freedom from labor each year. However, according to custom he is also free to celebrate all church and national holidays, the day of his birth, that of his baptism, and the feast of his patron saint.

If you will look at the map below, you will note that Guatemala has a long coast

line—from Mexico to Salvador on the Pacific Ocean—and a short one—from British Honduras to Honduras—on the Gulf of Mexico side. Along each coast the country is low and the tropical heat intense. But the country in between is mountainous with numerous high plateaus. The grades on the mountain roads are sometimes thirty per cent, while those on the highway to the top of Pike's Peak in our Rockies are only ten per cent. There are some thirty high mountain peaks that once were volcanoes, and many of these are towering symmetrical cones. Santa Maria and Acatenango are the only active volcanoes in the country today. As in all volcanic lands, Guatemala every now and again feels the shock of an earthquake.

The mountains and plateaus are covered with forests of palms and mahogany. Mahogany grows in several countries but Guatemala has the *real* mahogany. Some trees are ten stories high, and the first branches grow off the trunks sixty feet above the ground. Two such trees to an acre yield a considerable profit, and there are a million-and-a-half acres of mahogany in the country!

Guatemala is America's link with the highest form of ancient Indian culture; it was the first American country to build itself on Christian culture. Its population, tradition, and habits are fundamentally Catholic. Political revolt has robbed the Church of priests and Religious, but it has failed to destroy the faith of the masses. Today Guatemala exports to the United States coffee for breakfast, bananas for dessert, sugar for rationing cards, chicle for chewing gum, woods for fine cabinets, rubber for tires. But the import which Guatemala requests above all is priests from the United States.



MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

WESTERN HEMISPHERE

Two brothers, with nothing in common except their blood relationship, set out to make a new world, and, finding a continent to their hand, promptly divided it north and south and went their separate ways, intent on keeping as far apart as possible, while applying methods of construction and destruction that were diametrically opposed. Scattered all over the new continent, both north and south, they found people already in possession, human beings like themselves, sons of a common Father, although well disguised by the dusky skin and primitive manners that are the natural heritage of such wandering children of the forest.

The northern brother found the primitives troublesome, in the way, a clog on his own plans, a bar to his own cupidity; and, having no definite philosophy to guide him and no deterrent save an amorphous, voiceless, and unheeded religion to hamper him, made short work of his embarrassing relatives, effectively exterminating them by his instinctive and unchecked policy of spoliation, persecution, and neglect, thus clearing the way for that rapid and extensive material enrichment which, in spite of all his pious protestations, was the true goal of his ambitions, the real love of his heart.

The southern brother equally found the primitive people troublesome, equally desired to enrich himself at their expense, equally tended to push them aside and get them out of the way. But he did not do this. In his path stood a champion of his new-found brother, a clarion voice that took his part, a loved mentor effectively, if sometimes grudgingly, respected; and in response the southern brother cheerfully took up his burden, clogging his own footsteps and retarding his own progress in order to follow substantially the beautiful Catholic principle of carrying his weaker brother along with him, associating him with his own fortunes, incorporating him in his own family, preserving him to the world and saving him for God.

So it came about that the children of the northern

forests disappeared almost totally from the scene, while their brothers of the south exist to this day.

Meanwhile the northern brother, having so simplified his own problem, eventually turned pharisaical eyes to the south, pitying the slow material progress of a people burdened with the natural drug of their charitable experiment, and, in his busybody naïveté, he could think of no better help to offer than the vague hodgepodge of religion that had so signally failed to guide his own footsteps.

The southern brother naturally declines this questionable help, for, among the many things his northern neighbor could send him, it is the one thing he cannot reasonably be expected to want. Being both liberty-loving and sensible, however, he believes that all men are free to promote the erratic ideas they invent, while he knows that there is no responsible continuity in any religion but his own, whereby the policy of one age or group can be charged to any other. So he does not propose to do anything about that policy, unpalatable as it may be. He merely does not relish it, feeling, as he must, that his necessarily slow and burdensome labor of love should have met with more understanding.

A JOB OF WORK

What is the mission ideal? To find the people, to help the people, to save the people—and to do it all regardless of cost to the missionary. By their vocational contract with God and in virtue of a specific contract with the Holy See, missionaries are under orders to carry the Faith to the people in the regions entrusted to their care, using every means to see that the people get it. Thus missionaries do not go to the jungle to lead a polite little life of piety for themselves; they go to live with their boots on, combing the jungle from one end to the other until they have found every man, woman, and child in it, and have done for them everything they can. This is the life, work, and story of missionaries, who exist for the same purpose for which Christ's ministry was instituted—to save the people.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE UNIVERSE

Two-thirds of mankind have never heard of the holiness of men. Most of the other third have only a vague idea of it. Millions of men are needed to roam the earth, singing the song of man's sacred character.

IN THE FOREWORD to *The Song of Bernadette*, Franz Werfel announces that the one great objective of his life is to "evermore and everywhere magnify the divine mystery and the holiness of man." He realizes how difficult it will be to spread this simple but profound idea, because we are living in what he calls "a period that has turned away with scorn and rage and indifference from these ultimate values of our mortal lot."

What makes his resolve so remarkable is that he is one of the few distinguished authors determined to tell the world *why* each and every individual counts. Many lectures and articles refer, these days, to the rights of man, but one rarely finds even a brief mention of the reason why man is entitled to those rights.

It is an old and eternal reason: Man is a child of God, made in the image of his Father.

IT IS SHREWD and flattering to tell man he is great, and then not tell him *why* he has an incontestable claim to that greatness. The men who are scourging the earth today know it. They know that, to make man ignorant of his might, they must first get rid of the idea of God. They are the fifth columnists, not of any country, but of humanity. And they take no chances on being exposed.

To stay at the top of the oppressed heap, they are systematically trying to kill the magnificent idea that our Founding Fathers put into the very beginning of the Declaration of Independence—that man is created by God, that his unalienable rights come from his Creator. Thus these enemies of civilization are attempting to reduce man to slavery.

Remove the idea of God, they say, and you remove the one and only reason for the sacredness of the individual.

IT MUST GIVE THE MAN WRECKERS a laugh to see so many of our leaders playing into their hands. These leaders would storm and fret if they were branded as first-line helpers of the totalitarian states. But aren't they? Let's get it straight! If the enemy madmen say flatly that their biggest job is to stamp out their people's abiding faith in their Father in Heaven (who has given them every right they have), why

aren't all who oppose these madmen working overtime to sink that faith in God deeper and deeper into man the world over?

But, sad to say, that isn't happening. And, as long as it isn't, some of our loudest shouters against the forces of evil will be doing an ace job for the dictators.

What to do?

THE SOLUTION IS SIMPLE AND DIRECT: Let each of us determine to "evermore and everywhere magnify the divine mystery and the holiness of man." Let us give our lives if we can. Let us find millions of young men to go forth over the earth with a song in their hearts of the sacredness of the individual.

Yes, there are a few out in the remote corners of the earth doing this now. Despite their small number, they are caring for the hosts of the wounded, hungry, orphans, aged, homeless, lepers, blind, and lame, because they see in each of them the image of God, Christ Himself.

But there must be more, many more! If millions can be found to prate that the state is everything and the individual nothing, there must be more millions to teach all men that without the Fatherhood of God there can be no brotherhood of man. Once men reverence themselves, they will reverence others.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO Jesus Christ, Our Lord, asked us to spread over the earth the revealed idea of the holiness of man. Yet two thirds of humanity have not yet heard the news. Most of the other third have only a vague conception of it. Why? Because too few human beings have been going out over the earth to sing the song of the sacred worth of the individual. This is a person-to-person job. There is no substitute. It cannot be done by Western Union! Or by sending just money and things. *Men* are needed, millions of them, to roam the earth to teach, by word and deed, the holiness of man. Then, and not until then, will come the lasting peace that the common Father of *all* mankind would have *all* men enjoy.



SOLDIERS ARE *Missioners*

By REV. CHARLES F. McCARTHY

A HUGE buff-colored transport leaned like a sun-tanned leviathan against the diminutive docks; cranes swung cases and armaments over the side, laying them lightly ashore on an island of the South Pacific. A thin stream of soldiers, equipped with full packs, flowed from the gangplank into precise formation and marched toward their newly cleared encampment.

Under the blazing sun, a half circle of scantily clothed natives, chattering volubly, watched the whole procedure, while children, excited by the sight of many guns, played at the game of soldiers, shrieking and darting among the small shops and houses that sprawled unpainted and dingy, at the edge of the jungle. Father Flynn stood a little apart from the crowd and smiled as the soldiers' boots shuffled the road and sent clouds of dust through the ranks.

The priest said to himself: "When the rain comes, it will settle the earth. Then they'll have mud. But they'll get used to it; we all do."

Father Flynn wore a sun helmet easily, casually, in the manner of one who has been a long time in the tropics. He was lean and tall, with sun-baked skin. His cassock was vaguely white. Tiny ravines crinkled the area around his eyes, and it was hard to tell whether he was smiling or just squinting at the sunlight. As the troops continued their march, the priest made no attempt to move. From time to time, one of the soldiers would disregard discipline to the extent of a short, unobtrusive wave. These were boys from home; boys who talked about the World Series, who had seen the Rose Bowl games, who had walked the same streets he had walked, and waited for the same trains; boys who had ridden on the ferry to

Jersey. It was ten years since the priest had seen the United States.

The last contingent was leaving the boat. Their commander, Captain Cavanaugh, recognizing the white-cassocked figure as a mission priest, thought to himself, "No chance to speak with him now—I wonder if he knew any of my old 'profs' at Notre Dame."

Swinging the company onto the road in parade formation, the captain looked straight ahead until he came abreast of the priest; then a sly smile spread over his face, he brought up his hand in a crisp salute, and snapped out an order, "Eyes right!"

At first Father Flynn was startled, but in a moment his face lit up in a typical American grin. It was like a signal to the company; every man equaled the breadth of his smile, and it seemed as though a cheer arose. All at once the island had ceased to be strange to the soldiers; the priest was a welcoming committee.

Later in the week Captain Cavanaugh was at the waterfront village again. He met Father Flynn coming out of a shop. The priest and the soldier clasped hands. "Welcome to the tropics, Captain! Where are you from?"

"I'm from Boston, Father."

"Why, we're 'townies.' Come and see my mission home."

They walked the narrow path through the jungle's edge that led to the mission, talking of the war and of Times Square in a blackout. As a clearing opened before them, Father Flynn said, "Well, such as it is, this is home."

A cluster of thatch-roofed buildings, low and somnolent, huddled into a cleft of the dense jungle growth. Fronting them, a spot of sandy beach declined to the sea. An open-sided church, topped with a wooden cross, stood in the center. Around it were spread a dispensary, a home for waifs, another for indigents, and—standing out prominently—a good-sized school that was literally packed with restless, crinkly-haired youngsters.

The visitors listened for a moment as songs and recitations drifted from the schoolroom. "A little more than a generation ago," the priest said, "education for jungle people was unheard-of. Some superficial observers said that the white men, especially the missionaries, were spoiling the happiness of the natives by giving them enough education to make them independent."

"I've heard that a hundred times, Father, but frankly, I never took it very seriously."

"On the contrary, it was serious, Captain. You see, the jungle is not an empty space like the plains of America. It is full of life, and the male population, in my opinion, is better equipped *physically* for warfare in the tropics than the majority of your Army men."

"Well, why aren't they in uniform, Father? It looks like a waste of man power."

"A greater waste, perhaps, than you yet believe. These natives are, ordinarily, incapable of following an order, because their minds have been allowed to roam like the jungle growth. They are helpless without the aid of a leader who is willing to stay with them, year after year, laugh at their shortcomings, fight the witchcraft and black magic of the jungle, and help them overcome their fear of everything strange."

"Your job, Father?"

"My job."

Bugs dashed against the screen to reach the small oil lamp that held a ball of yellow light in the darkness. The captain was watching Father Flynn's face; it was rugged and battle-scarred, like the face of an old campaigner who had been through many wars.

"There is an enemy out here." Father Flynn made a gesture which included his vast parish. "A dangerous and insidious thing, hard to explain. It is deadly fear. The jungle people are terror-stricken. A few charms or an amulet can send men into a fatal malingering, and a clever witch doctor can hypnotize them. Despite their howling and drumbeating, the 'wild men' of the jungle are only badly frightened children."

Captain Cavanaugh's mind reached out to the other side of the world. It seemed to him that fear as a malignant force in life was no longer confined to the jungle!

Outside, night noises settled into a steady rhythmic hum. Once an animal scream rose above the insect chorus and streamed, in a wail of sound, through the palm trees. The busy, murmurous night paused to listen—and in the startling silence, Captain Cavanaugh felt the touch of the finger of fear from the hand of the vast unknown.

The next morning, Captain Cavanaugh was in a thoughtful mood. He stood before his company—well-trained men, erect and immobile, waiting for orders. John Ward, in the front rank, had a wife at home and had left a good job to enlist. Corporal Devlin had said he wanted to buy a home and own a business so he might take care of his mother and his wife when he should be married. Rocco Guidotti wanted a farm with cows and pigs; he hoped to be able to send his children to college when he should have made enough money. Every man was ready to fight for such things—things that meant independence; the right to hold their heads in the air; the right to be *unafraid*, to own radios and cars, and to elect the mayor of their city. The image of the missionary came to the captain's mind: a tall man walking through the jungle, teaching men to be unafraid; a strong man who had conquered fear; a man whose life was less important than the convictions of his Faith; a soldier man, the captain thought.

The company was waiting for (*Continued on page 28*)

For lack of a comprehensive term we, like many others, use the word soldiers to include all men in the Service: Air Corps, Army, Marine Corps, and Navy.

MEDITATIONS FROM OUR MAIL BAG

The following are some of the many messages that have come to Maryknoll in the past few weeks from friends over the country, coast to coast. They provide a real meditation for us. What hope for the future each one of them breathes! We feel we ought to share their inspiration with you.

ROSARY ON A TRANSPORT

I HAVE just received my copy of THE FIELD AFAR, and am enjoying it very much. Reading matter is a thing of high importance here, and it is especially fine to get a Catholic magazine. We have come through quite a bit so far, and I'm sure the prayers of those at home are being answered. Ever since we left New York in January, we have had an evening Rosary. Our chaplain aboard the transport began it, and we have so much to be grateful to Almighty God for that we're just kept it up, even though our Padre is no longer with us. I am sure that the fellows in other sectors are doing the same. We have seen quite a bit of the work the missionaries here are doing. It has impressed us so much that the least we boys can do is to try to help a little. I am sending an offering now. As soon as we get paid, I will send some more."

THEIR BROTHER IN CHINA

WE OFTEN think of our brother over in China these days. But we don't worry about him, since the Maryknoll priests always seem to smile their way through the worst dangers. We have a mutual understanding that he must not feel concerned about writing us regularly. When his letters do come, they are as satisfying as if they came weekly. They prove, as indeed we always knew, that this faraway brother of ours is close to us *all* the time, as we are to him."

THANKS FOR THE TRIBUTE

I GOT LOST in that wonderful last number of THE FIELD AFAR. It fairly took my breath away. It throbs so with life, with joy in service, with such a fullness of detail that it seems a large volume, not a slight magazine. None of the dreadful suffering of the war is minimized, and yet joy permeates all the ministrations of the priests and Sisters, and even the sufferings of those ministered to. I haven't half finished with it, though I've already read it three or four times through."

IN THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC

I AM NOW on an island in the southwest Pacific and very close to, if not actually in, your fields afar. In our present sector we are very fortunate in being near a mission, and most grateful to God for giving us the opportunity to hear Holy Mass on Sundays. We have very little to look forward to nowadays and the Mass is the most wonderful thing that happens to us. It means everything! I have learned here to appreciate the wonderful work of our missionaries, whether they are American or French or other nationalities. God bless all you Maryknollers, and continued success to THE FIELD AFAR!"

A DOCTOR GIVES A WAR BOND

IT OCCURRED to us that a possible way of helping Maryknoll to re-establish ruined missions in China in future years, and of helping our war effort at the same time, might be through the purchase of war bonds. Enclosed you will find a \$500 bond. We hope our family may be able to send another within six months to help your rebuilding fund, or for use now—just as you choose."

HE'S IN THE NAVY

I AM NOW in the Navy, stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. However, you can count on me not to forget Maryknoll. Once I am settled here and receive my first pay, I will send a part of it to you without delay. I have made arrangements with my mother and sister at home to send you the monthly donation, as I do not know where I may be stationed later on. So you can count on receiving it regularly! I expect to be sent overseas soon. Please pray for the safety of all the boys in the service, especially those on the battlefield and in action. I hope with the help of God and His Blessed Mother, to return safely to civilian life. Here in the Navy we have ample means for caring for our spiritual needs, and I am taking full advantage of them. I hope that, when peace returns to this troubled world, we'll all be spiritually sound and physically fit. God bless you, Father, and God speed the heroic work of the entire Maryknoll missions."



TO THE WORLD THEY GO!

SOON after the postman leaves this issue of *THE FIELD AFAR* at your front door, twenty-five Maryknoll priests will have bidden a fond farewell to their relatives and friends—to all that is near and dear to them. They will be on their way to distant corners of the world. Nineteen of them will go to Bolivia; the other six will be off to the islands of the Pacific. In a very literal sense, it is "to the world they go!"

WHY DO THEY GO? Because Christ said "Go!" That's enough for them. But in the heart of each of them is the glad conviction that theirs is a great privilege—not to destroy, but to build; not to spread tragedy and sadness, but to bring new life and hope to the wounded, the sick, the

hungry, the orphan, the homeless, the aged, the blind, the crippled, the broken in body and spirit. . . . Isn't it a light in the darkness to know that there are young Americans ready and anxious to devote their lives to bring peace to the world, while so many millions are making great sacrifices to spread death, destruction, and hatred over the face of the earth?

IF YOU cannot give your life, would you be willing to make some sacrifice to see that at least one of these twenty-five missionaries reaches that corner of the world to which Maryknoll, in the name of the Holy Father, has assigned him? We need \$500 to pay for the fare and equipment of each. Any gift, large or small, will be most welcome!

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.
Dear Maryknoll Fathers:

I am interested in helping to send your 1942 group of missionaries to the fields afar. I am happy to enclose \$..... toward the \$500 needed for each of them.

My Name

My Address

.....



THE *Magnitude* OF CATHOLIC CHARITY

No other relief agency in the world can equal the tremendous accomplishments of Catholic priests, Brothers, and Sisters throughout the world. This telling article will surprise many.

A FEATURE WRITER on one of New York City's newspapers was given the assignment, "Charity Over the World." He was told to get definite statistics. As a non-Catholic, he had a hazy idea that the Catholic Church was doing a fair amount in this field. But where and how much? In the midst of his search, he came to us to get facts and figures on Maryknoll missions and on other sections of the fields afar.

We told him some day-by-day happenings in various

corners of the world. None of these were extraordinary to us. But we hadn't gotten very far in our little account of the works of Catholic charity when we noticed the reporter's surprised look.

"What a magnificent organization your Catholic Church is!" he exclaimed. "Why, it's all over the world, in every nook and cranny, doing good. I never had any idea of this. Why don't you Catholics tell us more about such things?"

Unfortunately we have not told even our own Catholics of the magnitude of Catholic charity over the world. They would probably be startled and proud if they knew only the half of it. Very little can be told in this brief article, but perhaps we can pass along a sufficient number of facts to give some idea of the tremendous service rendered by the Church to countless millions everywhere. Since the Church is universal, it strives to bring its works of mercy to every needy human being, regardless of race, color,

or creed. It sees in each an individual made to the image and likeness of God.

Statistics, no matter how complete, tell a rather incomplete story of what is being done in the name of Catholic charity. Nevertheless, they give something factual, and no strain of the imagination is needed to acquire an appreciation of what lies beyond. Perhaps the most interesting tabulations are those made in Rome itself. They cover the works of charity in Asia, Africa, the South Seas, and other sections of the globe which are still regarded as mission areas. We select the following samples of what was done during one year in these areas only.

Man Power the Secret

In 3,410 hospitals and dispensaries, over 35,000,000 medical treatments were administered.

In 1,846 orphanages, 109,601 homeless children were cared for.

In 409 homes for the aged, 15,089 poor old people were given shelter.

In 121 leper colonies, 13,265 afflicted creatures were given a home and special care.

In 34,743 schools (elementary, high, college, industrial, and normal), 2,022,058 students were provided with free education.

If you should go to the Red Cross and offer them a dollar for each of those 35,000,000 medical treatments, on condition that the Red Cross could duplicate them this year, they would have to refuse your \$35,000,000 with some such explanation as this: "Sorry, my friend, but it would be impossible for us to do that. We haven't representatives in those remote corners of the globe where those 35,000,000 medical treatments were administered."

Yes, under God, the most important factor in the vast world-wide work of charity is the man power—the devoted men and women who have dedicated their lives to Christ's poor. The sick, the aged, the blind, know all too well that the atheist, for all his ranting, will never give his life for them. Nor will one ever find a Communist putting in an application to spend the rest of his days caring for lepers. The only ones who will carry on such works of charity are those who see, in the individual, Christ Himself. No others ever have. No others ever will.

Outstanding Charity in China

During the past five years of war in China, Catholic missionaries there have averaged over 10,000,000 medical treatments each year. They have administered additional corporal and spiritual works of mercy, also numbered in millions. All this is being accomplished by 5,000 priests, Chinese and foreign, assisted by more than 10,000 Sisters, most of whom are native Chinese. But formidable as these results seem, they are actually only a small part of what would be done if only there were more helpers. In view of the present heartbreaking needs among the 450,000,000 Chinese, there is work enough for fifty times the present number of missionaries.

A hurried glance over the following, from Mary-

knollers and American Catholic missionaries of other communities, will give a better idea than any words of ours. These excerpts are from recent reports from China.

1. "They came hobbling on crutches; they were carried on coolies' broad shoulders . . . Some lacked an arm, others a leg. It was a nightmare of human suffering."

2. "The average in line begging for food each day at our little mission has been 1,700 persons. If a person is yellow with hunger, we give him a large measure; if he is poor and in need, we give him the middle measure."

3. "Two of our Maryknollers here in South China conduct a dispensary in which they treat 9,000 medical cases a month—over 100,000 a year. Practically all who receive medical attention are desperately poor and have no one to whom they can turn for relief but missionaries."

4. "In Kongmoon, rice was given to over 17,000 persons during one eventful month marked by an earthquake, a typhoon, and the shelling of the city by a gunboat."

5. "Our hearts ache at such misery. Infant mortality is high, for the little ones cannot withstand the ravages of hunger, disease, and interminable hours in foul shelters."

6. "At present there are thirty relief centers, and we are feeding a total of 11,000 people. Yet 'feeding' is the height of understatement, since all we are able to give the people is a bowl of gruel weighing less than four ounces of solid food. Any doctor will tell you that that is rarely sufficient to keep a person from starving."

Multiply each of these cases a few million times, and you will have a fair picture of the present tremendous accomplishments of Catholic missionaries!

Statistics Would Be Staggering

In the United States, Europe, and South America, the works of charity of the Catholic Church are well known in the respective regions but, unfortunately, there are no complete statistics. If ever they are compiled, the totals will be staggering. A comparison might illustrate this:

During last year the Red Cross, in its official report, states that its nurses made over 1,000,000 visits to the sick and gave disaster relief to 217,000 persons. On the other hand, the Saint Vincent de Paul Society alone (and it is only one out of a hundred-odd Catholic agencies), made up entirely of Catholic laymen who volunteer their services for the poor, made 646,277 visits to homes and institutions. In one diocese, last year, 400,000 visits were made to the sick and infirm, 69,057 individuals were given family relief, and over 30,000 children were cared for in various institutions. And it is important to remember that in the United States there are 110 dioceses.

We hope that someone will be able to devote the research time needed to give the complete story of "the magnitude of Catholic charity" over the world. It is a thrilling story; it is a story that dwarfs the efforts of other organizations, and it should be told. It is a truly world-wide work that has no endowments, receives no large gifts, but carries on gloriously through the accumulations of the widow's mite, the Sunday collections, the small gifts from the good Catholic people everywhere who see in the crucifixion of Christ the sufferings of all mankind.

Even Chinese farmers look on home as a solid, substantial building with courtyards, patios, and cool corners.

By MOST REV.
FRANCIS X. FORD

THERE IS MUCH gratuitous advice given long-suffering America these days. Foreigners spare no pains to hand out all sorts of schemes, especially concerned with borrowing or spending other people's money for destructive purposes. The present thoughts are intended as constructive criticism on ways to save money.

Some years ago I passed through the United States in company with a group of Chinese undergraduates sent by their Government to specialize on economic subjects. They were keen young men, anxious to appreciate America, and somewhat regretting that there was an impression here impugning their own country's supposed lack of culture.

I was faced with a dilemma. I did not want to dampen their enthusiasm for their American venture by reminding them of the many advantages China had, and took for granted; nor could I compromise with truth; so I took the safe course of emphasizing the material comforts of our living conditions which they would share. As many of them were engineers, their main interest was in structure and bridges, and I dilated on the few outstanding edifices they had heard of during their schooling. I was more than ready to see the good in everything in my homeland, the young students were ready to admire anything, but the bleak shanties that blotched the treeless plains were indefensible—aesthetically, morally, or even economically. A square, box-like structure of unpainted wood and tarred-paper roofing, stuck on top of the ground, surrounded by lean-to-sheds of motley shapes, and repeated at random every few miles, scarred the horizon interminably. These were not squatters' huts thrown up in emergencies, or the cabins of the poor whites of the south, but homes on prosperous farms.

The blank dismay on the faces of the Chinese students was striking, until I realized the contrast such a scene made with their own homes in China. These boys were



DOWN ON THE FARM

Rural America has often asked: "How are you going to keep them down on the farm?" Bishop Ford, in this timely article, gives one possible solution—and it's a good one!

not wealthy; they ate only one meal a day on the train, owing to the prices. Every Chinese is a farmer of one sort or another and keeps close to the soil even in the city. And he is accustomed to look on home as a substantial building with courtyards and many rooms clustered around large guest rooms, with patios and cool corners.

The essential purpose of a home is to provide a place where children may be born and reared, and old folks find their peace encircled by their children and their children's children. First of all, the Chinese homes have enclosed gardens where the children can romp to their hearts' content in the sunlight without fear of autos; they have roofed walks and open rooms where the babies still can play in the open air when it rains. The infants' laughter and noise locate them, when necessary, though they are at a distant part of the house; the "parlor" can be forbidden ground against sticky fingers and mischievous curiosity, without condemning frisky natures to inactivity; the children are not always under foot, nor is there fear of their falling downstairs, yet they need never be out of sight or far from their mother's voice. As they grow older, there is plenty of room for the pets every child should have—chickens, and ducks, and dogs, while the near-by trees invite all sorts of birds, and the unripe

fruit from his own garden gives every Chinese boy his quota of stomach-aches.

The Chinese know the meaning of the word "home," even though they rarely use the word. They settle down with the intention of seeing generations living in the same house, and they plan the house accordingly. If possible, they buy adjoining fields and learn to know every stone therein, expecting that their grandchildren will also plow the same. They locate their graves beside the field and are united even in death with future generations of their kin. And such adhesion to the soil begets a loyalty and sense of responsibility, and a common interest in the locality, foreign to Americans. That is also why the much-abused "democracy" is native to China and found in its purest form in her village government: man will best safeguard the morals of a community where the reputation of his ancestors and the future well-being of his children are at stake. The land becomes his fatherland in its most literal meaning.

But, it may be wondered, how can the poor Chinese, whose profits are so small, build such large houses, when the industrious American farmer finds a square, wooden box the limit of his possibilities? The answer lies partly in the unwritten archives of the Chinese family, which bears hardship for one generation that the next may enjoy comforts, and partly in the material used in building. The Chinese build of earth, whether in the form of mud bricks, or adobe, or in adobe made with lime. When the summer crop is harvested, the family turns to making bricks. The average family usually takes years to build the house, and years more to plaster it, but the labor is unpaid, the material gathered locally from the fields, and even the lumber for rafters may come from a pine grove

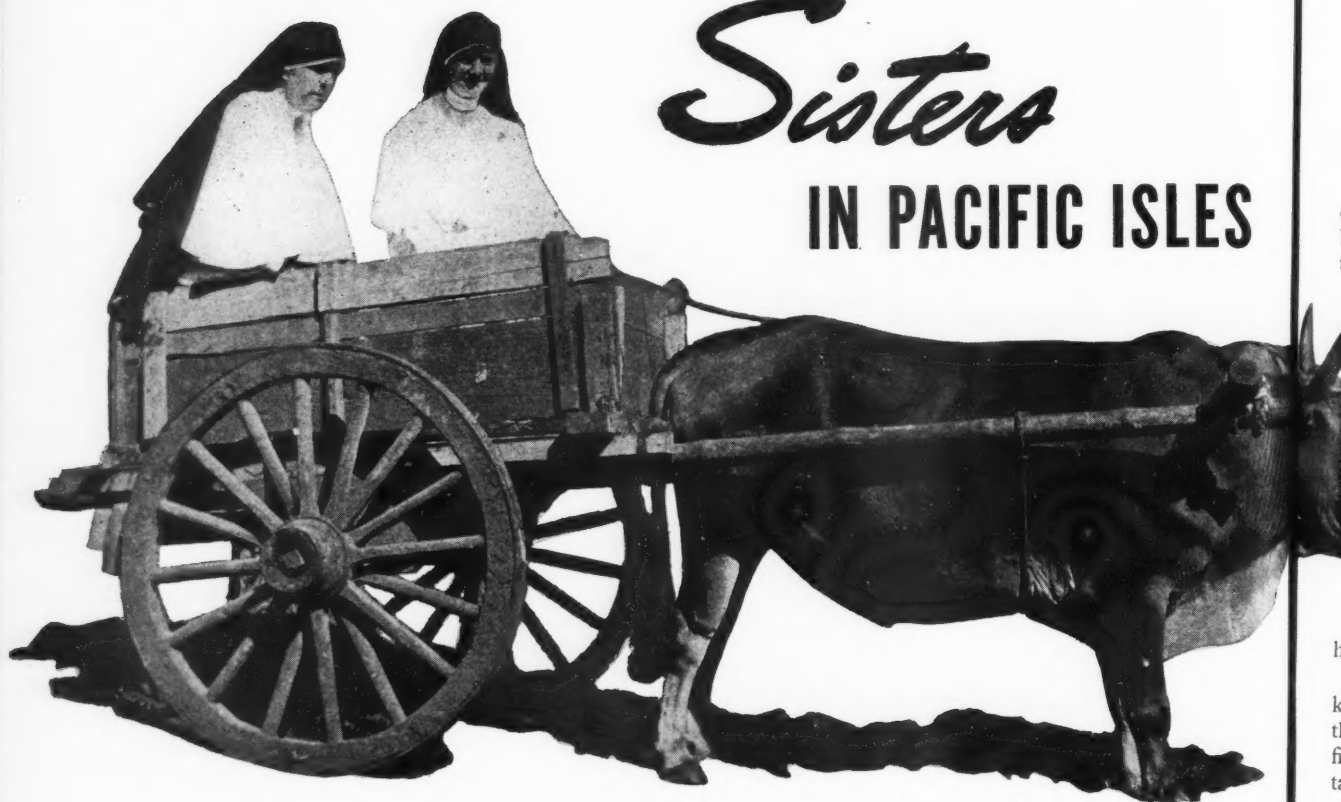
planted for that purpose close by. There is a sacramental symbolism in a home built by a man's own hands from his own soil, in which the very trowel marks and irregularities are the expression of his ideas. I can think of no more fitting bequest to leave for sons and grandsons.

But is there not danger of amateurish bungling and monstrosities at the hands of unskilled farmers? Incredible as it may sound, the Chinese farmer is not unskilled or without a sense of form. The average Chinese house rarely offends against the canons of good architecture, simply because the Chinese are well grounded in fundamental principles of balance. A Chinese village is as though planned by one mind, including the bamboo grove and cool ponds that surround it, with a resulting harmony attained only by costly landscaping in America.

Such construction, if adopted more generally in America, would solve many problems. It would beget a pride in our homes, to counter the restless urge to move; it would focus and thereby intensify the natural instinct in all of us to own something permanent; it would localize and color childhood memories, now dissipated over a dozen dwellings; it would be the expression of a family's united aim and harmonious labor. Morally, it would be a bond between the present and future generations, a tradition which every nation needs to flourish healthily; it would be the loadstone for restless youth and a safeguard of its communion with parents. Economically, it would prove the solution of financial difficulties for pioneering couples and, in the long run, obviate unsatisfactory and costly repairs and constant painting of gimcrack, shoddy woodwork; it would abolish the numerous middlemen who now control house shortage. It is an investment that enhances the land and the stability of its dwellers.



Sisters IN PACIFIC ISLES



THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC — except for the much-advertised Waikiki Beach — were, for most Americans, just dots on the map. But since last December all of us have become island-conscious. Seeming specks on the map now loom large in world affairs as landing places for planes or sources of rubber and oil needed to win the war.

Missioners did not need Pearl Harbor to open their eyes to this island world. To the Church, islands have always been, and always will be, not landing or hopping-off places, but homes of islanders — beings created in the likeness of God, whether their bodies be black or brown, yellow or white.

In the Pacific isles there are today 166 Maryknoll Sisters. After twenty-one years in Hong Kong, sixteen years in the Philippines, and fifteen in Hawaii, their work shows fruit in numerous forms. Through school, hospital, and social-service work, these Sisters in Pacific isles have brought about thousands of conversions. Their pupils and their converts have founded Christian families, who, in turn, have become a leaven of faith for their neighbors.

In individual families the advance has often been slow yet steady—first one schoolchild, then another, gradually all the children, and finally the parents embracing the Faith. Many converts become zealous apostles. A few of the boys trained by the Sisters have entered seminaries;

a goodly number of the girls have entered religious communities.

Maryknoll graduates have given proof of the thorough secular and religious training they have received. A large number of teachers and nurses from the normal and hospital schools conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters in Manila remain at work throughout the Philippines. At Lucena

Honolulu children prepare for a new type of gas drill.



several graduates of the normal college in Manila are employed, because the Sisters are too few to take care of the heavy scholastic schedule. A public-health nurse serving in one of the Sisters' schools is a "dyed-in-the-wool" Maryknoll product, having received her elementary, high school, and hospital training from the Sisters.

Frequently, a striking incident reveals the delayed effects of mission work. In Hawaii, one day, the Sisters became acquainted with a young Chinese mother in a tuberculosis hospital. The woman asked to be instructed and baptized. She explained that as a child she had attended a Maryknoll school for one term, and, through the succeeding years, she had treasured in her heart a love of Christ and His Blessed Mother. In Hong Kong a Chinese girl graduated from a Maryknoll school without ever evincing any interest in the Faith. Later she attended the University of Hong Kong, graduated on her twenty-first birthday—and made immediate plans for baptism. Only now has it been revealed that, through all those years, she had longed for baptism, but had postponed it because her parents had refused their consent.

In mountain wilderness and in crowded city, Maryknoll Sisters have found trails that lead to souls. To reach the remote barrios of Igorots—who proved such gallant fighters in the Bataan jungle—our Sisters in the Mountain Province have made long trips on foot, in ox carts, and on horseback. In the beginning, the Igorots were so shy that the only way to teach them was to hold classes in the fields or on the hillsides. Retaining their primitive ways and dress, they could never be persuaded to go to Mass with the modernly dressed Cathedral congregation to which they officially belonged. Permission for the Igorots to attend Mass in the convent chapel was therefore granted. They have now grown into a congregation of three or four hundred. The last diary received from Baguio told of the formation of two Igorot sodalities, one

for the married women and one for the young girls. The men were jealous of the attention given the ladies and asked for a Holy Name Society!

Recently a troop of Boy Scouts from a Maryknoll school in Hawaii stopped, while on one of their hikes, to visit a country church. The next day the pastor wrote the Sister Principal: "For a group of boys, unaccompanied by an adult, to be able to enter a strange church in silence, bless themselves at the holy-water font, seat themselves quietly, and begin immediately to pray with reverence and attention, is evidence of the finest possible training. That is how your boys behaved here yesterday."

In the Hawaiian Islands, schoolgrounds are now a labyrinth of trenches, and gas-mask drills have become an important part of the schedule for the Maryknoll Sisters' 2,500 pupils. But between gas-mask drills and blackouts, the Sisters manage to "hit the trail" to the homes of people in trouble and to hospitals and sanatoria. Through such contacts, they have brought many converts into the fold and won back many lapsed Catholics.

Neither bombs nor bullets can destroy such work. That is why missionaries can be serene when war comes, and remain confident when they see their schools and hospitals closed, and find themselves interned as do our Sisters in the Philippines, in Hong Kong, and in Japan, today. The fruit of their work along island trails is found, not in buildings or in particular activities, but in the souls they have brought nearer to God.

THE SISTERS' WORK GOES ON

Thousands of souls have been brought nearer to God by Maryknoll Sisters in Pacific isles.

Despite the war, over two thirds of these Sisters are still engaged in active mission work.

One dollar supports a Sister one day.

Address: Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

Soil in the Maryknoll schoolyard, removed from safety trenches, becomes a beautiful Hawaiian garden.



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AS LONG AGO THE PADRES ...

Before banishment, of what does an exile think? This gripping article, written entirely by a non-Christian American boy of Japanese descent, provides an amazing answer to the question.

IN AN ASSEMBLY CAMP, the evening meal is over long before twilight; the day's activities peter out into a welcome quiet. Old folks sit silently on the little steps leading to each room of the barracks; but the children are noisy as they continue their games with seemingly endless vitality.

It was to be our last night in this temporary camp; five hundred of us were to be moved to Arizona. "Arizona" had become a haunting word, echoed up and down the long rows of barracks. A group of children dancing in a circle outside my window sang over and over: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; go we must to Arizona dust."

It sounded through the silent twilight with the fearless spirit of childhood; there is no courage, I thought, like that of the innocent. I picked up half a dozen letters that had come during the past few weeks. I slipped out of the barracks beyond the camp. After tomorrow, there would be little chance to steal away and ponder the strange happenings of the past six months.

Like many other Californians, I had studied the history of the United States, and of California in particular, without too much thought. We had learned of the settlement of the northeast, of Virginia, and of Ohio as of some faraway lands; when we studied the Louisiana Purchase, the exploration of the Mississippi, and the adventurous settlement of the Middle West, we realized the historic advance more vividly. When, finally, Oregon, Texas, Washington State, and the Sierras came into the lessons, we felt close to the brave men and women of the West. But the story of early California was the most thrilling. There was no adventure, no romance, no epic of sacrifice and pioneering courage to compare with what we learned of the Franciscan Padres from Spain and their spiritual conquest of the territory that was to be California.

Fra Junipera Serra, the chain of missions he founded—San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara—one after another, those names and their place in the history of our State became familiar to us. It did not seem strange to us to see a statue of Father Serra when we visited Treasure Island, any more than it seemed unnatural to hear so many of our cities and towns named for saints. The history of California, our history teacher in Junior College told us, is the history of the devotion and sacrifice of the missionaries.

"What is a missionary?" I asked her. I had understood the qualities that made an explorer, but I had sensed a difference between the explorer and the missionary. "How does a missionary differ from an explorer?"

"Both are brave," the teacher had answered; "both have deep courage; both are unselfish. Perhaps the one great difference is that the explorer is led by a vast curiosity; the missionary, by a consuming love."

"A consuming love of what?" I persisted. "Fame?"

"Not fame," the teacher answered patiently. "Rather, a love of God, in whom he believes, and of all men, whom he sees as his neighbors."

I am not a Christian, and her answer puzzled me a bit. Later, after class, I talked of it with a friend. "Do you know what the teacher meant when she replied that a missionary was led by a great love of God and of men?"

"Yes," my friend explained. "I understand, because I am a Catholic. We learn that the great commandment of God is 'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart . . . and thy neighbor as thyself.'"

As we walked home, my friend explained, in a simple way, that all Christians believe all men are neighbors. It was interesting; but other matters crowded in, and I did not think again of missionaries and the motive underlying their devotion until one day in June, when the Old Mission in my own town celebrated the anniversary of its founding. A beautifully enacted Pageant brought back to my mind the history lesson when first I had asked, "What is a missionary?"

The Pageant story was of a missionary; he had labored for years for the Indians in the Valley of San Juan. He had taught them to plant, to cultivate, to build; he had shown them how to make adobe, and with adobe how to erect homes, schools, shelters; and finally how to express their growing love of God in the building of a glorious sanctuary—a church they loved as men love the fruit of their labor, particularly their selfless labor. Then had come trouble—misunderstanding, selfish jealousy, war—and many of the sanctuaries had been destroyed.

The Pageant story closed with a scene I could never forget. The missionary stood before the empty church. He was surrounded by those he had converted and taught and protected; they were sullen, angry, discouraged; he was serene, courageous, hopeful.

"Why must we abandon to destruction all we have built?" the spokesman of the Indian group cried to the Padre—and the whole congregation, restless and angry, echoed his "Why?"

"Nothing that we have done can be destroyed," the priest replied; "for we have built upon love and faith and devotion—and love cannot die."

And as we, the audience, felt peace and consolation descend upon the troubled flock, facing the devoted missionary, the lights faded and the Pageant closed. I have never forgotten that scene.

And now, years later, as I stood against the old tree in the corner of the Assembly Camp where we Americans of another descent (Japanese) were awaiting orders to en-train for another state, another camp, another life—it came back to me once more. In my hands were letters from relatives and friends, who like myself were engulfed in evacuation from our homes, and one and all told of comfort and encouragement given them by modern missionaries. It seems the age of missions, in California at least, is not over. A new name, new methods perhaps; but evidently the same ideal, the same consuming love my history teacher had spoken of long ago.

I opened again the letter from my father. "I did not know how to proceed," he had written, "but a Maryknoll missionary came to the camp. He was helping some of my friends, and I approached him. You would think I had known him for years. Nothing was too much, no effort too great. He arranged everything for me."

And another from a friend. "As you know we are not Catholic" she wrote, "but a Catholic missionary who comes to say Mass for the Catholic people at this camp has helped us so much. We can see how best to accept all that happens, how to cooperate with the Government, and how to help others. And we are not so lonely when we are helping others. I can now tell others one way to be less lonely."

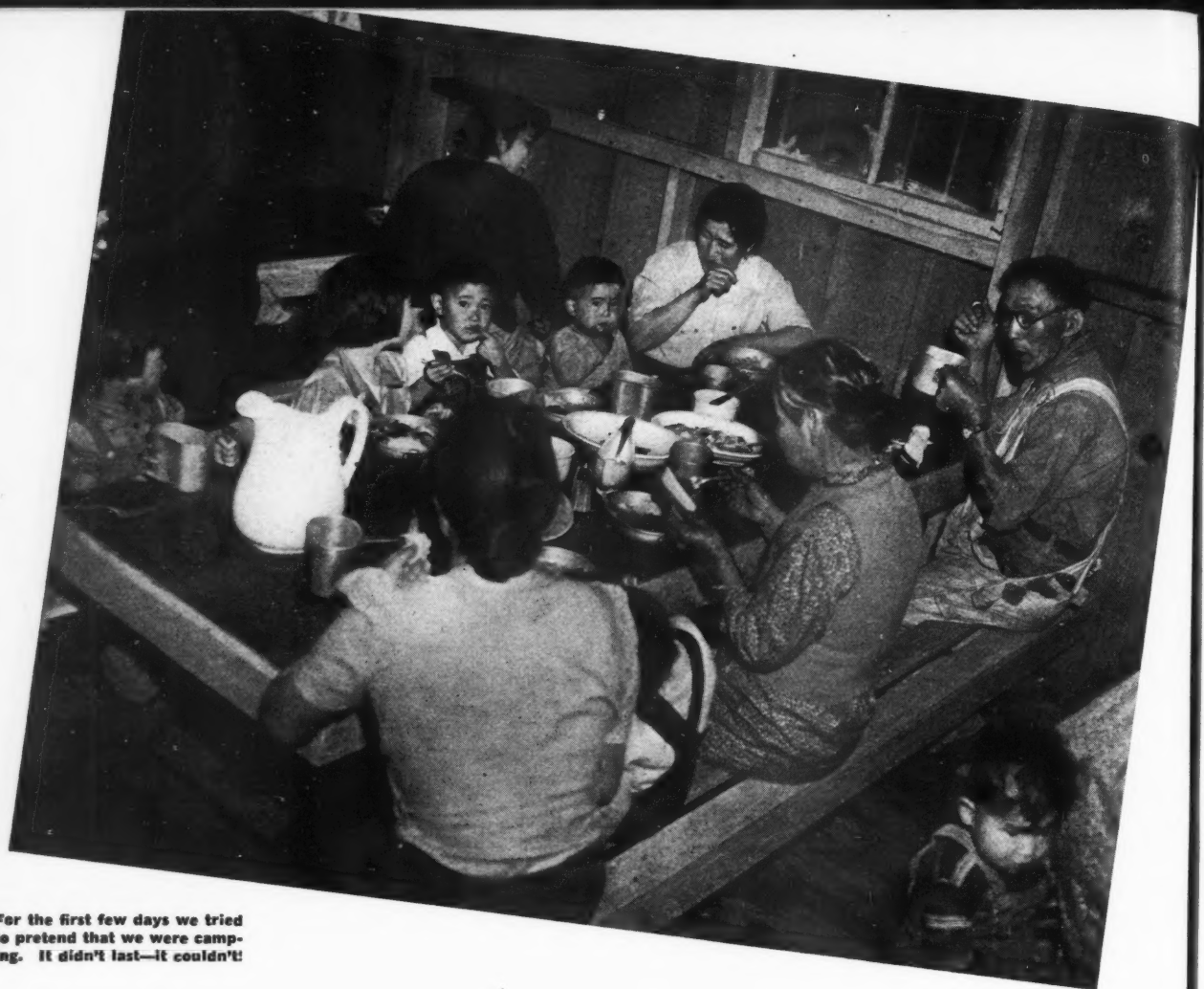
Gradually the whole picture came together—as a jigsaw does when the last few pieces slip into place. Early



The soldiers were thoughtful and gentle with our mothers.

California—with native people; new settlers, who might have caused displacement and grief to the natives; but missionaries, who explained, who pointed out Truth and a God who loves all men. Years of labor by the missionaries; then trouble, misunderstanding, ambitions, and war in which, inevitably, the innocent suffer with the guilty. But the missionaries' faith and trust remain to sustain their people: "Love cannot die."

Longer years. California's history tells of peace, progress, growth; and then again sorrow, and a war; and the missionaries, who taught truth and love to those Americans whose parents are Japanese, see disruption, upset—and the innocent suffering with the guilty. But again, faith



For the first few days we tried to pretend that we were camping. It didn't last—it couldn't!

and love; service that reaches out to one and all; comfort, encouragement, help.

I feel again the peace and consolation that stole over me at the Pageant, and the deep loneliness with which I had anticipated the move to Arizona was lessened. Quickly I went through the latest letter; it was from the camp which would be my home after tomorrow. What if we should be alone there—without the Catholic missionary? I need not fear. "Every Sunday," a friend in Poston, Arizona, wrote, "a Maryknoll Father comes from Los Angeles. And after Mass, we all can talk to him, and somehow we are happy and stronger for his visit. One cannot feel disheartened, or afraid of the future, when one realizes that God knows, and loves, and cares. And that is the message of the Maryknoll missionary to all of us."

As I walked back to the barracks, I knew I could leave California tomorrow with courage. With God's help, I might even be able to impart that courage to others. For I could say to them: "A Maryknoll missionary will be at Poston every Sunday, for all of us. You know—just as the Padres were here for the Indians in the early days."

SOLDIERS ARE MISSIONERS (Continued from page 17)

orders. Their commander wanted to speak to them all and tell them that last night he had met a soldier. But they wouldn't quite understand. He gave the order for morning drill.

Orders and defense stations on the island kept the captain busy for the best part of a week. On his next trip to the village, the captain saw the priest again. Father Flynn was in the center of a group of soldiers.

"Hello, Captain!" the priest called out.

The two grasped hands and, for a moment, their gaze held. Between them there was a look of understanding, complete and mature. Each knew that soon lives would be lost, and that some of these smiling boys would be torn with bombs and left on roads, dusty or muddied. Each wished that he might spare the pain for the others, and take it all himself. But each knew that could not be.

"Father," the captain suddenly said, "I think missionaries are soldiers."

Father Flynn smiled and replied, "Captain, I think soldiers are missionaries."

THE GOSSIP

By KEN J. CHARLES

EVERYONE in the Chinese village of Aigpu knew Sweet Blossom ("Mrs. Chang" to you). Like most other middle-aged women in China, she had a good-sized family and performed her household duties faithfully each day. But Sweet Blossom had also a well-practiced characteristic that made her the most popular person in the village. She was the mouthpiece of the village news: she babbled small talk about everybody's family. The many natives who daily passed her yard were sprinkled with the latest hearsay. Even the men who, according to Chinese custom, look upon the opinions of women as inconsequential, listened to this exceptional woman. Sweet Blossom's importance in the gossip life of the village was unexcelled.

When Father York first moved into the district, he followed the missionary tradition of introducing himself to all the officials and prominent citizens. His catechist told him that Sweet Blossom was a "must" on his get-acquainted list. So, seeing her in her garden one morning, Father York approached and introduced himself. Followed the usual talk about the weather, the health of the children, the chickens and pigs. Then, stiff formalities over, Sweet Blossom really began to talk. In ten minutes the missionary's head buzzed with trivial bits of information about dozens of families in the village. He had a verbal "Who's Who" of the entire neighborhood.

When his hostess had talked herself out on almost every man, woman, and child in the village, Father York took up the conversation. And, instead of the small talk of the next-door-neighbor variety, he began the story of the Perfect Family who had lived nineteen hundred years ago. The missionary explained how this family had made their life on earth a preparation for another life in heaven. He told Sweet Blossom of the true love that had existed in their home, and of the greater love surpassing the natural—the love that Joseph, Mary, and their Boy, Jesus, had given to God. This family had worked hard and had had little of the things of this world. They had been forced to leave home when greedy rulers oppressed them. They had borne with patience the talk of their neighbors and had spoken words of charity in return. The reason the Holy Family had lived like this was to please God, who had promised to all who loved Him a life of eternal happiness.

Sweet Blossom was amazed. How different this story from the gossip she had proudly spread about her neighbors! Here was a way for a family to be happy in the midst of all kinds of suffering — poverty, disease, and



Sweet Blossom—the most popular person in the village

war. "What is the purpose of suffering if suffering has no value?" she began to ask. Sweet Blossom and all her villagers had suffered untold physical calamities and mental anguish, especially from the present war. They did not know the meaning of life, death, and what comes after death.

The missionary invited her to church, and Sweet Blossom, who had always held the reins of conversation, became strangely content to listen. The story of the Holy Family was continued, and the life of Christ was pictured in detail. Sweet Blossom began to understand the full meaning of life, suffering, and death. She now had an example that must be followed because she loved Christ, His Mother, Saint Joseph, and appreciated what they had done for her. Sweet Blossom became a Catholic.

Soon the village was telling about the newsmonger and her new religion. But the missionary's recent convert was happy and enthusiastic in the true Faith. Her tongue worked more than ever before. Sweet Blossom maintained her reputation as the harbinger of the village news, but added to her village chatter was the beautiful story of the Holy Family. The local news of women and children changed every day, but the timeless story of Christ and His Blessed Mother was always the same.

Sweet Blossom repeated that story thousands of times to the people of the little village of Aigpu. Like most people, these villagers had a willing ear for news, and Sweet Blossom obliged them with the greatest news of all. The one-time bearer of worldly tales had become an apostle of Christ. Sweet Blossom's tongue still continues to talk, but it echoes with the sweetest story ever told, the story of Christ and His Blessed Mother.



Oil OF ARABIA AND MOHAMMED

By REV. JOHN J. CONSIDINE

A BEDOUIN SHEIK, head veil blowing in the wind, cantered on the road before us, breaking in a lovely Arab stallion. He pulled up the horse and made him stand, trembling like a morsel of quicksilver, as our car crawled slowly by.

We were making our way to the borderland between Syria and Iraq and had come upon one of the typical Bedouin camps with black tents of goat or camel hair.

"Let us stop," said Father Klein. "I have a friend here, Baroun."

Sheep scythed at the sparse burnt grass, and hungry dogs eyed us ominously. Baroun drove them off with a thunderous growl and led us to his tent. The tent was propped on poles some nine feet high, with a low flap that obliged us to stoop to enter. We seated ourselves on cushions dropped on the ground around a shallow cavity in the center, where glowed a fire of dried camel dung. Nestled in the fire was a brass coffee pot.

Baroun stirred the fire. A moment later he solemnly raised himself, took from the ground a very small cup without a handle, poured a few drops of coffee, and gracefully presented it to us, in turn. It was strong and bitter, seasoned with an herb called *hail*; and there was no sugar.

"Time exists not," the atmosphere softly proclaimed. No one pressed to speak, no one felt hurried; the longer we stayed, the greater our courtesy, and the happier our



host. The dignified old man rose occasionally to offer the coffee cup and then replace it on the sand.

Here, in the quiet of Baroun's tent, dwelt the ethos of the Middle East.

In this world, which stretches from the Libyan Desert to Afghanistan, armies have marched and fought for thousands of years. The West of ancient times came here for rare treasures of the Orient. Later, there was enacted the epic of the Crusades, until the West was driven out in defeat. Centuries passed; the Turk, Egyptian, Arab, and Persian weakened, and the Western powers came again into strength. The project of a Berlin-to-Bagdad railway became the principal symbol of the struggle for possession, while the most precious prize of the Middle



Men are at fever heat over the Middle East's oil; what does the Middle East think of it? If not the oil, certainly the Westerners who seek it are held in deep contempt, says this writer, who reminds us how alien we are to these Moslem millions who not only misunderstand us, but moreover despise us.

East was oil. Warfare has again come to the desert.

Today the Iranian oil field at the head of the Persian Gulf is the richest single field in existence. Sons of Uncle Sam, oil riggers from Texas and Oklahoma, have become familiar sights in the remote fastnesses of Iran. Iraq, in the region about Mossul, is one of the great oil-producing countries of the world, with pipe-lines feeding to the sea; through Palestine, for the British, and through Syria, for the French. Turkey has oil near its Iraqi border; while far down on the Persian Gulf coast of Arabia, in the suffocating heat of the Bahrein Islands, other American workers operate oil wells.

But oil and the Berlin-to-Bagdad railway are almost as extraneous to the Middle East as is rouge to the human blood stream. The Middle East now cuts its ancient camel routes with pipe-lines, but it is no nearer to the West than ever before in its history. The oil of Arabia will play no substantial role in dislodging the thirteen-hundred-year

domination of Mohammed from its firm foundations.

Early in the seventh century, a brooding, somber merchant in the parched, rusty, desert town of Mecca began to preach a new religion embodying the idea of One Supreme Being—a belief which he had acquired when traveling among the Jews and Christians of neighboring Syria. With the swords of the Meccan clansmen to dispose of any who might hesitate, all Arabia adopted Islamism.

Then occurred one of those volcanic bursts of national energy that several times in history have led a small and unknown people to sweep out from its homeland and carve for itself an empire. Within a little more than a century, Islam formed a curve like a scimitar from the Strait of Gibraltar to the plains of northern India.

With Moslem conquest came the rise of Moslem civilization, which from the eighth to the thirteenth centuries equaled and sometimes surpassed that of Europe. But it fell into desuetude from the thirteenth century to the European Renaissance, and today there is little in Islamic culture that is vital. The tradition of the great centuries and the illusion of grandeur and complete self-sufficiency remain but, with these, is the feeling of humiliation engendered by the political ascendancy of the modern powers. For centuries Christian minorities lived in the Moslem world as underdogs; the Moslems had proved stronger on the fields of battle. But today the Moslem world is almost entirely under the control of so-called Christian nations.

In recent years, a certain veneer of Western ways has polished the Middle East, but as the Allied armies seek to hold their ground there, and Hitler's armies seek to drive forward there, let us remember that both Allies and Axis are aliens in the Middle East. It is a world quite apart, the world of Mohammed.

OIL OF ARABIA AND MOHAMMED

Of the fifty million people living in the Middle East, the majority are Moslem, and the common characteristic of these Moslems is a lusty, perennial hatred of Christianity. This is not accidental, not a mere reflex of zeal for another cause. Islam has never ignored Christianity: it has systematically taught opposition to Christian teachings; it has planted, in all its adherents, odium and disdain for all followers of Christ.

What is Christianity doing in this hostile atmosphere? The Church has hundreds of missionaries in the Middle East. Father Anastasius of Bagdad, a fine old Carmelite, himself of Arab blood, spoke thoughtfully to me of Christian hopes among the Moslems.

"We try to remember," he said, "that we are wearing away rock; that it is hard rock; but that we can really wear it away. Side by side with the ferocious hatred of Islam for Christians is the thorough ignorance on the part of the Moslem of all that Christianity represents.

"We must show the Moslems that Christianity is not a phase of Europeanism, which they detest. Before they will ever accept Christ, they must be led to understand that His teachings are independent of all nations and races, the completing crown of all cultures. We must show them that the Arabian, the Persian, the Turkish, the Egyptian cultures will be the richer and the finer if into them is woven, not Mohammed, but the God-Man, Jesus Christ."

The measure of lasting good for the Middle East is not oil wells, but whatever may contrive to create in Baroun, the tent dweller, a readiness to choose Christ as Prince of the tent dwellers of the desert.

SEND BOOKS — MANY BOOKS!

TO SERVICE MEN, CHAPLAINS, LIBRARIES, CAMPS. Thousands of books are needed for the armed forces. Maryknoll has prepared selected units of books and pamphlets of interest to men, at home or overseas, and makes the following non-profit offers:

OFFER 1: \$10.00 value—\$5.00

A selection of 4 books, 25 pamphlets

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YES, WE CAN STILL SEND MONEY TO CHINA

"Can you get money to your Maryknollers over in China? I haven't sent any help because I did not know whether or not they could receive it." So read a recent letter from a benefactor in New England.

Without delay we whisked this word right back to our good friend: "Delighted to hear you are thinking of Maryknoll again, but sorry you are under the wrong impression. Yes, we can still send money to China."

As a matter of fact, we are trying to send more than ever, because of the greatly increased needs of the poor. Each month we try to send, via radio, \$26,000. So our arms are open for all donations, large and small. And they all will be sent along to China without delay!

THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER:

Native Sisters and Lay Brothers

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Godfrey Birrenbach; Rt. Rev. Msgr. A. Frey; Rev. John O. Mahoney; Rev. Thomas P. Doherty; Rev. Louis O'Grady; Rev. William H. Walsh; Rev. John C. Fearn; Rev. Charles Auer; Mother Mary Paschal; Sr. Margaret Mary Conery; Sr. Mary Bernard Smith; Mr. Charles Pahl; Mr. Cornelius Buckley; Miss Mary T. Barry; Mrs. Mary Foley; Miss Agnes Hease; Mr. John Hanrahan; Mr. Fischer; Miss Dolores Colkin; Mr. Clarence Lyons; Mr. J. H. Krastell; Mr. Angelo Forno; Mrs. Carolina Forno; Mr. John J. Gillon; Mrs. Matilda Dorothy McMahon; Miss Margaret Heiberling; Miss Madelyn Fisher; Mr. F. McKay; Miss Ellen Sullivan; Mrs. Mary A. Martin; Mr. F. J. McManus; Miss Helen Burnett; Mrs. C. J. Adams; Mr. Joseph P. Cummings; Mr. Daniel Patton; Mr. William Fitzgerald; Mr. Hurson; Mr. Reed; Miss Catherine Ray; Mrs. Edward Scheidel; Miss Mary E. Tompkins; Mr. Thomas A. Cooke, Sr.; Mrs. Hickey; Mr. Maurice Foley; Mr. M. Crean; Flt. Sgt. Francis Joseph Menshek; Mr. Harold S. Pedler; Miss Catherine Carroll; Dr. Walter H. McNeill; Mr. P. J. MacAuley; Miss Nora Sullivan; Miss Nellie O'Hara; Mrs. J. Gillespie; Miss Reilly; Mr. James Hurley; Mr. Sherman Riggins; Mrs. Catherine Stinson; Miss Mary McDermott; Mr. William J. Dahring; Mr. Harold Demuth; Mrs. Lonergan; Miss Isabel Ryan; Mrs. Julia Hart; Mr. Valentino; Mr. Gerard Cannon; Mrs. Catherine Gallagher; Miss Mary Delaney; Miss Alice Hoban; Miss Catherine Carroll; Miss Anna Walters; Mr. William Gaynor; Miss Margaret Bowes; Mr. Kearney; Mr. Walsh; Mr. John R. Wall; Mr. William D. Parker; Mr. Gerald Nolan; Miss Maria Grazia Sacco; Bernardino Sacco; Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts; Mr. Julius Ober; Mr. Joseph Libert; Mr. Joseph Morris; Mrs. T. A. Duffy; Mr. & Mrs. Joseph D. Regan; Mr. Julien Richard; Mr. Charles F. McGovern; Mr. George H. Lewes; Mrs. Mary E. McCusker; Mr. Joseph A. Donahoe; Miss Mary Guilfoyle; Mr. Eugene Calaghan; Mr. George Domegan; Miss Mabel G. Brown; Mr. R. V. Kent; Miss Mary C. Hainey; Miss Mary Guilfoyle; Mrs. Elizabeth Nixon; Dr. Joseph F. Steinger; Mrs. Minnie O'Neill; Mrs. Rose Hauber; Mr. Louis Henkins; Mrs. M. Nixon; Mr. Martin P. Grady; Miss Mary McDermott; Mr. Fred P. Garrity; Mr. William Riordan; Miss Ida Grasselli; Mrs. Jennie Greenwood; Miss Mary F. Leary; Mrs. Katherine Gallagher; Mr. John J. McHugh; Mr. O'Neil; Mrs. Catherine Jones; Mr. Joseph Witz; Mr. E. J. Storms; Miss Ade Robinson; Mr. Tribull; Miss Theresa Conboy; Mrs. Doelker; Miss Mary Buhr; Mr. Samuel C. Bachman; Mrs. George W. Clements; Miss Lillian Carpenter; Mrs. Fannie Youngs; Mrs. E. Nuese; Mr. Richard Maney; Miss Ann Ackerman; Miss Julia Becker; Mrs. M. M. Luty; Mr. Joseph Fallon; Mrs. Hedwig Bohnert; Mr. Adolph E. Stoldt; Mrs. Abigail Guerin; Mr. Joseph Hickey; Miss Mary Cummings; Mr. J. Funk; Mr. James A. Carroll; Mrs. Casey; Mr. William McCarthy; Mr. William F. Nally; Miss Mary E. McDermott; Mrs. Annie Laffin; Miss Frances Batchelder; Mr. Henry Townsend; Mrs. Elizabeth Neff; Mr. Alex F. Durkin; Lt. Frank McCarthy; Miss Alice Riell; Mrs. Frances Serreperre; Mr. M. D. Lawson; Mrs. Edward Grosberad; Mrs. Edward G. Whittaker; Mr. Thomas F. Mullin, Sr.; Mrs. Claire Jackson; Mrs. Susan Baierl; Mr. Charles A. Miller.

MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year. For men in the service the membership, with the magazine, is only fifty cents a year, or 2 memberships for \$1.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A SPONSOR MEMBER makes an offering of \$1 or more a month, toward the \$30 needed monthly for each Maryknoll missionary. A FIELD AFAR subscription is included, gratis.

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

FIGHT ON TWO FRONTS. Buy U. S. War Stamps and Bonds, and send them to Maryknoll as stringless gifts.

HAS A HEART," refugees in Kweilin said of Monsignor Romaniello when they saw the bowl of rice. But the American benefactor who gave the rice had a heart, too. Were you that benefactor? You might be! \$10 would keep two refugees alive for a month.

WE HAVE THOUGHT HIM, as it were, a leper" (Is. 53:4). Under this same guise He is hidden today; our lepers in Ngai Moon are looking wistfully to America for food. Can you help?

INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL can best be fostered by native priests. Maryknoll has 213 seminarians in China. It costs \$150 a year to support each. Does this appeal to you?

PRIESTS MAKE CONVERTS, but Sisters save souls," writes Bishop Ford of Kaying. Knowing this, the Bishop has a group of Chinese girls in training to be Sisters. \$5 supports one for a month. Why not adopt one as your protégé?

EVERY 30 DAYS each Maryknoll missionary in South China requires \$30 for his support. How many days can you care for?

KEEP 'EM WORKING! To help the cause of food production, Maryknoll students need 25 shovels (\$50); 20 rakes (\$30); 25 picks (\$35). And while we're asking, how about 2 lawn mowers to keep the grass from growing under our feet?



WILL SHE LIVE? Possibly. If some good benefactor supplies the rice. But there are thousands who die of starvation every day. \$5 keeps an orphan for a month.



THE HOMELESS REFUGEE for whom you supply a bowl of rice today may be a canonized saint tomorrow. One never knows. We "entertain angels unawares." How much can you give? The more it costs, the more it's worth!

WANTED. FOR THE WORSHIP of the Lord of Heaven at Maryknoll:

A year's supply of charcoal and incense.	\$25.00
1 linen alb.....	15.00
1 set of altar cards.....	10.00
1 set of altar cloths.....	5.00
1 set of Mass cruets.....	2.00

HEAD HUNTERS. "We'll hunt the heads of the head hunters and preserve them in heaven for all generations to see," write Maryknoll's first missionaries to Bolivia. Will you join the hunt? The Bolivian mission, covering 60,000 square miles, calls for long and hazardous trekking through the jungles. 10 Mass kits (\$150) are an immediate and urgent need; also 5 missals (\$10).

A MEDICINE CABINET opens doors as effectively as a burglar's jimmy. Help us stock the dispensary shelves in Kweilin. \$10 will be a big help.

WRITES THE BISHOP FROM BOLIVIA:

"Our first Maryknoll mission here is a pioneer country like Hudson Bay—more primitive even than China; only 2 rectories in our entire area; houses are needed immediately at Cachuela, Guayamarin, Villa Bella, and 3 other centers." Who wants a share in this pioneer work in Bolivia?

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, P. O., N. Y.



Youth TAKES WINGS

in the hope of soaring to heights. Many youths are molding their lives in our Seminary and colleges, so that they may help souls in every clime to soar aloft to a blessed eternity. Young men interested in the mission vocation are invited to write to the Vocational Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

